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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

MUSSOLINI'S New Year present to the Italian people was a grim affair. It was, in fact, an admission of the check to the advance in Abyssinia. He softens the shock, it is true, by calling this a "necessary pause, such as every war, and especially a colonial war, must have." But how many Italians (outside the General Staff, who were shy of the adventure from the outset) expected any such "pause"? Did even the Duce himself expect it? And is it going to be merely a halt to enable the Italian armies to organise their communications? Recent news, cautious as we are bound to be in accepting reports from the front, shows more offensive activity by the Abyssinians, and more serious losses in men and material than the Italians have hitherto admitted. The Italian morale is no doubt good, but it will be put to a severe test if the "necessary pause" is to be occupied in beating off constant attacks—with no prospect of an advance and the possibility of a retirement from positions now held. Nor is this all. The "economic siege," as Mussolini calls it, is embarrassing to Italy, even though she is at present facing it cheerfully and even with enthusiasm. And the cost of the war is stupendous—amounting, it is estimated, to something between £300,000 and £400,000 a day.

Italy's Finances

The Italian budget figures for the last financial year show a deficit of £33,000,000, of which nearly half is directly attributed to military expenses in Africa. Most of the rest is due to the deficit on the railways, for which no appropriation is being made in the current year. For 1936–37 the budget authorities show an estimated *surplus* —the military expenditure being shown as less than in previous years. This, however, is due to the complete exclusion of war expenditure, apart from interest on loans, from the budget figures. Mussolini proposes, in fact, to finance his war by means of borrowed money, and even to debit a part of the regular military expenditure to loan account. Such a balancing of the budget can mean nothing. Borrowing is borrowing, whether it appears in the budget or not; and Italian borrowing, which must be mainly domestic, can hardly avoid being inflationary to a great extent. We do not suggest that Italy's military operations in Africa are going to be ended by financial duress; but it seems safe to predict that the rise in prices, which has already begun, will continue on an increasing scale. The Milan index of wholesale prices has already risen from an average of 57 in 1934 to 73 in October. The cost of living still shows, officially, only a small rise; but unofficial reports tell a different tale. With the coming of inflation the standard of life of the Italian people will be deplorably lowered.

The League and Sanctions

What in all the circumstances is the next move we are to look for from Geneva? After the recent fiasco "conciliation" is at a hopeless discount, and such incidents as the bombing of the Red Cross by Italian aeroplanes will make the League Powers even less disposed to show tenderness to the aggressor. This exploit has aroused general indignation, which the excuses in the Italian press have done nothing to allay. Whether it is to be the prelude to more "frightfulness" we do not know; but in any case the war in Africa and its effects elsewhere are too serious for the League to sit and twiddle its thumbs without more strenuous efforts for peace. The most obvious line to take is the imposition of the oil embargo. There appears at the moment to be a strong movement in favour of this in the United States; American sentiment has recovered from the shock of the Hoare-Laval proposals. Fear of the risks involved to Great Britain has been greatly diminished by the assurances of France and other Powers that they would give full support in the event of Mussolini running amok. But the opposition of France to any "dangerous sanctions" remains, and the clever tactics of M. Laval, to which "Critic" refers on another page of this issue, will make it more difficult to overcome.

Germany and the Jews

The Nazi programme of 1920 contained as one of its principal items the statement that "No Jew may be a member of the nation." The letter of resignation from Mr. James G. McDonald, High Commissioner for German Refugees, reveals how faithfully that aim has been carried into effect. Since 1933, and particularly as a result of the legislation passed at the Party Congress at Nuremberg last September, the persecution has been intensified. More than half a million "non-Aryans" have been deprived of citizenship; Jews are excluded from public offices and the liberal professions; 50 per cent. of those remaining in Germany have lost their livelihood; the starvation of the Jewish population has been systematic and highly successful; finally, the ban on the export of capital ensures that even their departure from the country is made hazardous and difficult. Mr. McDonald's indictment is unanswerable. No philanthropic organisation can deal with this problem by the ordinary methods. The old maxim that foreign Governments should not be concerned with the actions of a State within its own borders becomes meaningless in the face of this new technique of proscription. Mr. McDonald is right in insisting that the members of the League cannot allow their responsibilities to fall on the shoulders of private bodies independent of the League.

The Austrian Government's Problem

The German Government's internal difficulties and the Italian adventure in Africa have given Austria a breathing space. Herr Hess has instructed the Austrian legionaries to abandon political agitation for the time being. Meanwhile, Mussolini's check in Abyssinia and the rejection of the Paris "peace plan" have seriously damaged Italian influence. The Austrian Government now sees a chance of making some compromise with the Left at home and of conciliating the Western powers abroad. This is the dual motive behind the recent amnesty. One hundred and fifty-four out of the 170 prisoners still in prison as a result of the February rising, and 800 others imprisoned on shorter sentences since then, have been released. The law under which men sentenced for illegal political activities were prevented from obtaining employment on release is to be relaxed. Dr. Dobentzberger has been introduced into the Cabinet as Minister of Social Welfare with the express purpose of appeasing the Left, and other new appointments have favoured the Left at the expense of the Italian elements in the Ministry. But it seems that far more radical measures are necessary. The Socialists are demanding the restoration of their cultural institutions and Trade Unions, as well as the abolition of the system of police prisons and arbitrary arrests. The militant Catholicism of the present regime, moreover, will continue to be an obstacle to a settlement. The hope of withstanding the eventual Nazi attempt to control Austria depends on three factors—the success of this manoeuvre for gaining the allegiance of the Left, the enlistment of Western support for a Danubian confederation, and the willingness of the Great Powers to provide direct financial assistance.

The Honours List

The New Year Honours List is as remarkable and as unremarkable as usual. There are the mass of hard-working servants of the State who get their steps in one Order or another; rich men and party men whose riches or loyalty are suitably rewarded under the heading of "for public and political services"; and a small sprinkling of knights in the field of literature, art and sciences. The *Times* seizes the occasion to repeat its old plea for life peerages—which "would enable many more of our elder statesmen of all parties to retain a dignified position in Parliament without undergoing the strain of contested elections." No doubt; but is this quite the sort of development that British democracy wants? The most distinguished sufferer in the recent contest, whom the *Times* cites, is, of course, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. He, however, will shortly be returned to the House of Commons by the Scottish Universities, despite the objection that a good many of the electors have raised to his candidature. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald's chances in Ross and Cromarty look more doubtful. The local Conservatives have declared against him. The Simonite Liberals are backing him. Mr. MacDonald has denied that he is considering whether to stand as a Liberal—if he stands at all. But why should he not? "National Labour" has ceased to be even a good joke.

Smokescreen for Shipowners

The Chamber of Shipping has produced elaborate figures to show that British ships are the safest in the world, and safer than they have ever been. The losses of British sea-going vessels of 1,600 tons gross and upwards, we are told, declined from one in 217 in 1929–31 to one in 242 in 1932–34, while the loss of life among seamen serving in "our trading vessels" was one in 2,360 in 1932–34, and one in 2,250 in 1927–31. These figures are almost meaningless. Tramp steamers and ocean-going liners are lumped together as "trading vessels over 1,600 tons." In calculating the losses, no distinction is

made between founderings and strandings; no mention is made of the decrease in the number of vessels in commission which followed the raising of the load line in 1930. "Great Britain may," the statement adds, "fairly claim that her relative freedom from loss of life and property at sea is due to quality—not only of Government regulations and the strictness of their application, but of British masters, seamen and ships, and, it may be added, management." This is sheer humbug. The number of ships which have foundered with all hands recently, and the reports of the Wrecks Commissioner on the *Usworth*, the *Millpool* and the *Blairgowrie*, show clearly that there are the gravest defects in the existing regulations and in their application. Steering gear involving "serious risks" is used; ships go to sea undermanned, even though the Regulations have been fulfilled, or with structural defects which have passed the Board of Trade surveyors. The "quality" of British masters and seamen has never been questioned. They should not be called upon to prove it by facing unnecessary risks of death.

Poor Relief

The *Times* published on Monday its annual article on "The Legal Poor." The numbers relieved in 1935 have dropped in comparison with the previous year, as was to be expected in view of the fall in unemployment. Glasgow has still the highest percentage of population in receipt of poor relief of any of the great towns, Liverpool coming next. There has been a substantial decline in relief in the chief steel and armament areas, such as Sheffield. In London and Middlesex new systems of administration have been adopted. The L.C.C. has adopted a scale, with a system of adjudication, subject to appeal, by salaried officers in place of committees; and this has resulted in a modest rise in total expenditure, despite the fall in the numbers relieved. The postponement of the "second appointed day" under the Unemployment Act has left the local authorities responsible, for the time being, for the relief of many persons who will presently be transferred to the Unemployment Assistance scheme. Till then nothing is likely to be done in most areas to revise the present system of relief, though there is almost general agreement that it is unsatisfactory, and ought to be amended. Apart from a seasonal increase in recent months, there has been some decline in the number of vagrants—this, too, in consequence of improved opportunities for employment. But, in all, between 3¼ and 3½ per cent. of the population are still receiving poor relief, despite all the alternative agencies that now exist. In November there were 170,000 people in poor law institutions, and 1,150,000 in receipt of outdoor relief. We are still a long way off that "abolition of pauperism" which reformers have been demanding for more than a generation.

The Railway Bill

The outlook for the railways in the New Year seems fairly bright. Before the House of Commons rose for Christmas the Bill for financial assistance to the main line railways passed without any real opposition. The speeches in the debate dwelt rather on possible alternative methods of achieving the same results than on hostility to the proposals as matters stand. Labour speakers pointed out that it would be far more satisfactory to nationalise the railways once and for all, and then apply public money to improving the public property. Speakers of various parties urged that very little help could be expected in the distressed areas from the proposed expenditure, and argued that the clause prescribing purchase of materials from the "special areas" ought to have been wide enough to cover all districts in which unemployment is severe. Mr. Neville Chamberlain, in gloomy vein, looked forward to the early collapse of the building boom, and confessed his inability to think of anything further he could do towards expanding the scope for employment. There was some questioning of the curious method—that of a "buffer" finance company—by which the Treasury has elected to raise the money for the railways, and some desire to know whether Treasury guarantees were likely to be available for other forms of capital expenditure. But in general the debate was listless. The Bill was not so bad as far as it went; and everyone was content to let it pass as better than nothing.

Lord Reading

Rufus Isaacs, first Marquess of Reading, who died on Monday full of years and honours, had an astonishing career. If he did not attain the supreme success of Disraeli—the most brilliant Jewish figure in British political history—he outdid him in versatility. Lord Reading was sailor-boy, stock jobber, barrister, Liberal M.P., Attorney-General and in the Cabinet, Lord Chief Justice of England, Ambassador Extraordinary to the United States, Viceroy of India, and (for a very brief spell) Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. His name will not rank in history among the greatest in any of these offices. But his ability was of a high order, and it was fortified by an immense capacity for work and by personal qualities which made him successful where a man of profounder intellect might have failed. He rose rapidly to fame as an advocate in the courts; he was less outstanding in Parliament. He had an exceptional aptitude in financial matters, though with an odd carelessness he got himself mixed up in the "Marconi scandal." When the war broke out his knowledge and his acumen were of great service to his country, and he won a remarkable reputation in America. As Viceroy—in very difficult circumstances—he confounded the many critics of his appointment. He naturally failed to satisfy the Indian nationalists; his attitude, then and later, during the contest over the India Bill, was that of a genuine but rather cautious Liberal. In his last years he was more active in private business than in public affairs. But no one, even among his political adversaries, will question his reputation as an able and devoted servant of the State.

BARON ALOISI and LITVINOV

On the suggestion of a number of readers these two Kapp sketches have been reprinted from our issues of November 16th and 23rd respectively (size as the Kapp supplements) and are available for One Shilling the two sketches (post free) from the Publisher, NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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THE ECONOMIC OUTLOOK

NINETEEN THIRTY-FIVE has been a year of upward movement in world economic activity. In the United States, where for some time past revival in the earlier months has been followed by recession in the summer and autumn, advance has continued this year practically without a check; and the recovery of American demand has done a good deal to stimulate revival elsewhere. It has also caused, in America itself, a sharp reaction among business men against the New Deal and all its works, and especially against the "Social Security" measures which have still to be translated into reality by their adoption in the various States. For the world as a whole, a great deal depends on the continuing strength of the American recovery. If the United States goes on buying imported materials at an increasing rate, recovery will go on in the countries producing these materials, and the improvement in their prices will be sustained. These countries will have more money for buying the exports of the industrial countries, and there will be some recovery in the exporting industries here as well as in the U.S.A. The revival in Great Britain, which has so far been mainly in industries and services producing for the home market, will thus acquire a broader basis, and some improvement will be felt in the depressed industries and areas.

It would, however, be unwise to build too large hopes on this revival; for there is no sign of any great elasticity in the demand for either coal or cotton goods, even if the general level of world trade improves. The markets for woollen goods, for engineering and metal products of many kinds are more elastic. In these, and in the group of miscellaneous manufactures, including the newer trades, there seems most hope of an expansion of exports as the reflection of continued recovery in the United States.

On the other hand, the outlook in the domestic market is not so good, especially from the standpoint of employment. As compared with a year ago, registered unemployment is down by 217,000. But it has to be borne in mind to how great an extent employment in Great Britain depends on the rapid expansion in recent years of a small group of occupations, which cannot be relied on to maintain their present high level. In November the building and contracting trades were employing *directly* 182,000 more persons in 1935 than in 1932, and 306,000 more than in 1923; and housing activity accounted in addition for at least an equal increase in the trades providing materials for house-building and road-making, or furniture and equipment. The distributive and transport trades, taken together, were employing in November 714,000 more persons than in 1923, and 241,000 more than in 1929. Hotels and restaurants, the electrical trades, and the motor trades all showed a very rapid increase in employment, but on a far smaller scale than the two groups mentioned above.

Clearly no possible expansion in the export industries could compensate, in terms of employment, for any substantial decline in building and distribution. These two groups, which have been in recent years the chief absorbers of labour, are closely connected. There can be no doubt that the rapid rise in the numbers of private shopkeepers and shop managers and assistants is largely the outcome of intensive suburban building, which has caused new shops and branches to be opened far faster than old ones have been closed down in the areas of declining population. It is, however, to be noticed that the rate of absorption into the distributive trades has already slowed down practically to nothing. In fact, the index of employment in the distributive trades was actually a fraction lower in 1935 than in 1934, whereas the index for building showed a further big advance. Distribution can no longer be expected to go on absorbing additional labour. Indeed, the total numbers employed in it, including private shopkeepers, are likely to fall during the next year or two. With this outlet closed, the position in the building trades becomes more than ever important as a determining influence on the general condition of employment. But this, of course, depends primarily on what happens to the housing boom.

Even if rates of interest remain as low as they are to-day, the housing boom cannot last much longer in anything like its present form. The supply of "private enterprise" houses, for sale or even for renting at prices well above the capacity of the majority of the population, is already reaching saturation point in many areas, and is bound to reach it soon in many more. As fast as that happens the private housing boom will drop away, leaving a horde of builders and auxiliary workers in many trades to seek employment elsewhere. Whether they will find it depends mainly on two factors—the extent of State-aided housing activity and the level of demand for other types of capital construction. If the State steps in at the appropriate moment with a big new scheme designed to provide much cheaper houses, chiefly for letting, than private enterprise has attempted to provide, and if at the same time it intensifies measures of road-making, school-building, and other public works, a good deal of the displaced labour will be immediately re-absorbed. If, further, capital construction takes, with or without State aid, a new leap forward, the rest of the displaced labour can find an outlet in railway work, factory building, and such services as the effective extension of the electricity grid to supplying the rural areas. It will, however, be seen that the larger possibilities in this second field also depend greatly on State action. Railway construction is already being fostered by means of a State guarantee; and the supply of electricity will certainly not be made general over the country except by a public scheme.

It seems then as if the employment outlook in Great Britain during the next two or three years depends very greatly on action taken by the State rather than by private enterprise acting alone. This holds good too of any real attempt that may be made to stimulate a revival of employment in the depressed areas; for there clearly the rate of advance is likely to be slower than in the rest of the country unless the State steps in with special measures designed to influence the localisation of industry. In other words, even if world conditions continue as favourable as in 1935, the maintenance of the level of employment in Great Britain—and, *a fortiori*, any diminution in unemployment—depends on the State embarking on bold schemes of public works.

This is a highly significant conclusion. If it is valid, it means that the recuperative powers of world capitalism are not, under the conditions which now exist, capable of creating a level of economic activity high enough to

employ the available working population or bring the available resources of production into use without the aid of the State. State economic activity over a wide field has become, not merely an occasional need at times of crisis or depression, but a part of the continuous mechanism required for balancing the forces of supply and demand at a satisfactory level. Public investment, and public direction of investment, have become indispensable parts of the machinery for maintaining what the economists call " equilibrium " in the industrial field.

It may be objected to this view that there has been during the past two or three years a genuine revival at a time when public economic activity has been, except in the field of electricity supply, relatively slight. The answer to that is that the total increase in employment between 1932 and 1935 has been only about one million, despite the absorption of labour in house-building and the distributive trades, and that, in face of the very high level of employment in both these groups, registered unemployment remains abnormally high—above 1,868,000. The self-acting forces have fallen immensely short of balancing supply and demand at an adequate level; and, even if the general economic position improves, these forces seem likely to do worse rather than better in the future, if they are left to themselves. Apart from State activity in stimulating investment and employment, unemployment at an intolerably high level is no longer epidemic, but endemic in the capitalist system as we know it.

All this points to the need for far more systematic planning, under public auspices, than the State is yet equipped to carry out. Who, for example, is facing the important issues which arise out of the conditions indicated in this article? Not Mr. Neville Chamberlain; he confessed as much in a most unhelpful speech on the Railway Bill only the other day. Nor can we see anyone else in authority facing them. The Economic Advisory Council appears to be comatose, if not defunct; at all events the country is given no information about its activities. But if, as we have affirmed, economic progress in the next few years depends preponderantly on action by the State, that action ought to be planned ahead, and the plans ought to be announced well in advance for public discussion and criticism.

A PARIS DIARY

Paris, New Year's Eve

THIS has been an extraordinary week in Paris. For the first time since the outbreak of the Abyssinian war the problem of France's foreign policy was properly thrashed out in the Chamber. For two days Laval was stamped on and his policy torn to pieces; but in the end he received a vote of confidence, a flimsy majority of 20—but still a majority. Sir Samuel Hoare was swept overboard by the storm of indignation aroused in England by the Paris Plan; but M. Laval is still there and still emphasising his determination to find a settlement by conciliation with Mussolini. " Yes, you are still there," Léon Blum shrieked at him, digging his long forefinger at the Government bench. " You are still there! And you even claim to have a policy for the future! " It is easy enough to explain Laval's " victory " by saying that a handful of Left-wing deputies saved him at the last moment because Laval had coaxed them into it—" *par des petits moyens* " in Blum's phrase—or that they did not want to take office themselves, or thought it undesirable to cause a Cabinet crisis two days before the end of the financial year and before the Budget had been voted. The fact remains that if the policy of Laval and the Paris Plan had aroused in France a wave of indignation equal to that aroused by the Plan in England, nothing would have saved Laval.

* * *

Laval did not answer all the charges thrown at him by his enemies. He was himself largely responsible for the pro-Italian press campaign which had succeeded, during the most critical moments of the crisis, in dragging French public opinion into a state of cynical indifference; and no one can have been impressed by the assurances he gave in his speech on Saturday that the French Ambassador had warned Mussolini time and again that France would be loyal to the League Covenant, or rather would *have to be*—a subtle but important distinction. Nor were his explanations about giving a free hand to Mussolini in Abyssinia very satisfactory. He had given Italy a free hand for economic expansion—heaven forbid that he should ever have encouraged Mussolini to do anything so dreadful as to go to war! That is credible enough. But why was the " formula " for economic expansion on which they had agreed never incorporated in the official text of the agreement that was submitted two months later to the ratification of the Chamber? And what is the good of denying now that for many months Laval and his friends treated the prospect of a war in Abyssinia with the greatest equanimity, and attributed the fuss that England was making either to imperialist considerations or to the influence of parsons and spinsters?

* * *

The irony of the situation is that Laval's policy let down the League just at the time when British opinion was at last, after many years of hesitation, declaring itself converted to a full League policy. As Paul Reynaud argued, the question of Abyssinia was of only secondary importance; he regretted that Abyssinia should have become the test case. But England's League policy had not been prompted by any special affection for Abyssinia, but by Germany's rearmament. The real question was whether the League would prove effective enough to impress Germany. Laval replied that he had actually displayed more zeal in precisely applying the Covenant than any other nation! The Socialist *Populaire* agreed that he had not violated the *letter* of the Covenant. His papers, it said, were in order. " Expert crooks always have their papers in order."

* * *

Laval's final speech was undoubtedly clever and in the " best League tradition." But, curiously enough, the deputies who approved of it were the Right and Centre; while the Left opposition voted against. That is to say that an avowed Fascist and Italomaniac like Philippe Henriot (commonly known in the Chamber as Mussolini's Askari), and the Croix de Feu men and Royalists voted for Laval's " League policy," while the Left voted against it. Which means that both were convinced of Laval's insincerity. The Right argued that he " had to say these things " to save his Government; but that, after all, he was still vastly preferable to any Foreign Minister who might make a similar League speech—and mean it. No doubt there is a real League *mystique* on the Left. If Herriot were to become Foreign Minister he would make pro-League speeches day and night, and not only in order to save his Government. The tone would be different, the *état d'esprit* would be different (doubtless an important thing in itself), but how much further would he be prepared to go than Laval in the direction of sanctions? That is the question. Aided and abetted by Great Britain, Laval has, of course, done his best to kill the oil embargo; but after assuming that the oil embargo was not necessarily or finally ruled out he declared that *he* would not take a decision on it when the time came; *he would ask the Chamber to take a decision.* This was his cleverest move. For that will be the real test of whether the Left is prepared to support " dangerous " sanctions. It will

be extraordinarily interesting to see what will happen if and when the question arises.

* * *

According to Paul Reynaud and other speakers, Laval's policy had ruined Anglo-French co-operation. On the contrary, said Laval, the co-operation was more intimate than it had ever been before. The army, air and naval staffs were in close consultation. The reports that he had promised England naval assistance in the Mediterranean in the event of an Italian attack, but that "he did not really mean it," were completely unfounded. The promise had been given and the promise would be kept. On consideration this seems to amount to a claim by Laval that he has restored a military and naval alliance with England—with only a bowing acquaintance with the League Covenant. His reply to Sir Samuel Hoare's complaint that "not a ship, not a man, not a gun" had been moved by any Power other than England in the name of sanctions was perfectly logical; by moving the navy into the Mediterranean England had acted on her own initiative; France had not "moved" anything because the League Council had never asked her to move anything, as it might have done on the strength of Art. 16, par. 2, of the Covenant. But the alliance with England was a different matter. It was not a "League" alliance, but simply an alliance. To be a League alliance, it was necessary (Laval did not say so, but that seems the logical conclusion of his speech) that England should agree to something on the lines of the Geneva Protocol. But since no one believes that Britain will ever definitely guarantee the Eastern and Central European frontiers of Europe, the question arises whether collective security really exists or could ever have existed. A military alliance, it seems, now exists between Great Britain and France. Locarno stands and its implications, at least as between Great Britain and France, are worked out in detail. The western front is fully guaranteed. Collective security in the universal sense never existed, does not exist and cannot exist while States remain sovereign and think primarily of their individual security.

* * *

I learnt a good deal more about French feeling on this matter during the week-end, which I spent with French and British graduates and undergraduates at a Conference near Paris, arranged by the International Students' Service. I heard two eloquent expositions of the conservative French objections to sanctions. M. d'Ormesson of the *Figaro* described the delight of France when the Stresa Front removed the danger of a simultaneous attack by Germany in the north and Italy in the south, and his fear that the British lead against Italy was destroying France's new-found security and might lead to war and the bombing of Toulon and Marseilles. Why did Great Britain not frankly say that the fleet was in the Mediterranean to look after British interests instead of pretending it had anything to do with the League or collective security? M. Cartier, of the *Echo de Paris*, was more explicit. He made the familiar Italian case—the need for expansion, the right of the white peoples to civilise the blacks, the necessity not for a universal League, but for a European League that could stand up to an armed Germany. Asked whether France's refusal to co-operate in sanctions against the Italian aggression might not alienate Great Britain, destroying all collective security (including Locarno), he answered very simply that Great Britain would have to fight with France if Germany came west, from reasons of self-interest. The treaties were merely a written expression of a necessity which existed whatever happened about Abyssinia and the League. The idea of collective security did not matter; he worried only about the French frontier. Now this, of course, is an extreme Right, indeed a Fascist, pro-Italian view, and is vehemently repudiated by the Left. But though there is general desire to retain the League, the feeling that only the Franco-German frontier now really matters has, I think, more support in France than the Left, which still champions the idea of universal collective security. The French attitude to-day seems to me now almost exactly what the British was two or three years ago. They talk, very sensibly, of "peaceful change" and the need of revising Versailles—though they are as far as I am from knowing how to revise frontiers peacefully. I asked a prominent French spokesman of the League whether France would now fight in the event of a German aggression in Austria. He replied that they would hate to "send their sons," but might send the Foreign Legion! He added that possibly some co-operation for a League air force might still be worked out. Talk among Frenchmen suggests that France might still fight for Czechoslovakia (though I am by no means sure), but that she would not do so for Poland or Austria. As for Memel, M. Laval has already made it plain that France would not interfere, though she would expect the League to make a fuss. This is no doubt sound doctrine, but it reflects a striking change of attitude in France. It reflects the crippling fear of Germany, and an immense yearning for peace in France itself, whatever happens elsewhere. The question arises whether any French Prime Minister will go farther or could have gone much farther in regard to sanctions against Italy than Laval has gone.

CRITIC

WHY MUSSOLINI WENT TO WAR

MUSSOLINI believes in the ennobling quality of war. "Fascism," he wrote in 1932, "does not think that permanent peace is possible or desirable. . . . Only war raises all exhibitions of human energy to their maximum tension. It puts the stamp of dignity on nations which are able to wage it openly. No other test can take its place."

"I regard the Italian nation," he told the Chamber of Deputies on December 11th, 1925, "as being in a permanent state of war. I have already said, and I repeat, that the next five or ten years will be decisive for the fate of our country."

Lest anyone doubt his intention, he repeated it on May 26th, 1927. "The fundamental duty of Fascist Italy," he declared, "is the preparation of all armed forces on land, sea and in the air. We must be able to mobilise five million men. We must strengthen our fleet. Our air force, in which I have more confidence every day, must be so strong that the hum of its motors will drown all other noises of the peninsula and its wings darken the heavens. Then, between 1935 and 1940, will come the tragic moment in Europe's history and we can let our voice be heard. We shall be in a position to achieve the recognition of our rights. The preparation for this will require several years."

Five days ago I had a long interview with Signor Edmondo Rossoni, said to be the third man in Italy. "Some people think that the world stands still," he declared. "But the dynamics of history is a big thing. I believe in imperialism." Mussolini himself has expounded this doctrine on numerous occasions. "Africa and the East"—this is the direction of Italian expansion as stated by the Duce in March, 1934. Some of his followers have been more definite. They have thought of Abyssinia, of course, of Egypt, and of India. It is a fact that Italians have endeavoured to win over and organise the Indian students in Europe. The Zionist Fascists under Jabotinky urge an Italian mandate for Palestine. Italian authorities have given them concrete encouragement. Italians have had their eyes on Syria, and Roman attempts to gain a foothold in Yemen on the Arabian peninsula are well known. The ambitions are not modest.

But why should Fascism, which sometimes begins by nourishing the illusion of autarchy, invariably embrace the credo of external expansion? Are there no possibilities of expansion at home? This question was once answered by Mussolini who, occasionally, relapses into the now rejected phraseology of that early period when he sowed his Marxist oats:

"Gentlemen," he said to the Chamber of Deputies on May 26th, 1927, "in order that Italy may become influential she must, in the second

half of the twentieth century, count 60,000,000 inhabitants. You will say: How will those 60,000,000 live on this territory? But this same objection was probably made in 1815 when Italy had only 16,000,000 inhabitants. At that time, perhaps some people believed that it would be impossible for the 40,000,000 of to-day to find the means of livelihood, at a much higher standard, on our present territory."

This anti-Malthusian thought is corroborated by the experience of all nations. Just as the population of Italy, without helpful colonies, increased from sixteen to forty million in 112 years, so the population of the entire world has risen sharply in consequence of the augmented productive capacity of capitalism and of better public health conditions which, in many respects, are a corollary of that augmented productive capacity. What has happened to prevent further progress in the same direction?

This is the problem I carried to Signor Rossoni, Minister of Agriculture and, what is more important, a member of the Grand Fascist Council of Eighteen. After the interview I wrote out his words and submitted them to him; he approved and signed them. He spoke first of Italy's progress in agriculture, of her mounting wheat harvest and of the greater yield per hectare. In principle we agreed that intensive cultivation by small farmers produces larger crops and employs more men than do most big estates. Thereupon I said to him:

"You have a dictatorship. Why don't you nationalise the land?"

"A dictatorship," the Minister replied, "is a political matter, not an economic or social matter. We cannot take the land away from the landlords. We cannot even fix the price at which we compensate the owners. Land prices are fixed in Italy just as they are in France, America and other countries. We shall proceed in the same way as we have in the past and take over, with compensation, only those lands which are not cultivated. If a landlord wants to sell his entire estate, that is all right. If he wishes to sell part and work the rest, that is all right. The peasants who receive the land sold by the estate owners pay for it in fifteen to twenty years. Sometimes, they become share-croppers of the landlord. In this wise, we can place 2,000,000 hectares under cultivation in the next five years and give occupation to 400,000 families. The Fascist Government prepares homes, equipment and animals for these new settlers. They repay in twenty years."

This method must be slow and inadequate, for it imposes a heavy financial burden on the State. Many landowners have grown extremely rich by selling all or parts of their huge "latifundia" at fancy prices. Moreover, many peasants hesitate to assume such gigantic debts at the start of a new and difficult career. It is probably for this reason that "crowded" Italy has much untilled land. According to the *Osservatore Romano* of December 7th, a Rome congress of leaders of Facsist peasant syndicates in the provinces urged that this land should be divided. I therefore persisted. "Why," I demanded of Rossoni, "instead of conquering Ethiopia, which you hope will absorb surplus Italians, do you not attempt to accommodate them at home by introducing a land reform?"

"The war," he replied, "perhaps has economic reasons. But chiefly the reasons are moral and political. France did not acquire colonies because she was over-populated. Nor did England. Economic problems are important, but nations cannot live solely on economic considerations. Italy can make a new contribution to civilisation. A new regime could certainly improve conditions in Abyssinia. Mussolini has created a new nation which has a right to contribute towards civilisation."

This did not satisfy me, and so I said: "You have a dictatorship. You can send people to war, maybe to their death. Why cannot you take vacant land away from the estate owners and give it to the peasants?"

Signor Rossoni replied with equal frankness. "That is demagogy. Peasants must be directed. 'Give land to the peasants.' That is a phrase. There must be organisation. We are Fascists, not Socialists." Rossoni, like Mussolini, used to be a Socialist and a workman. This made our meeting particularly interesting to me. We came soon to talk about corporations and the corporative state. He said: "The Italian corporations unite capitalists, technicians and workers. The technicians must organise and direct industry. They must not be the instruments of the capitalists. They must guide the workers. The technician is the bridge between the worker and the employer. (All this reminded me of the American technocrats.) The worker himself has no executive ability. If he is talented he soon lifts himself up to capitalist level. I know Socialist leaders who, when they recognised their own abilities, passed over to the capitalist side. Workers must be well organised and not free to be crazy. A strike is an act of folly. I am not a bourgeois. We are anti-bourgeois."

Mussolini is Minister of Corporations. Signor Ferrucio Lantini is Under-Minister and actual chief of the Ministry. He likewise spoke freely with me about the nature of the corporations. "The corporation," he affirmed, "tried to find a common ground between the proprietor of a factory and the workman. The proprietor, however, remains the proprietor and the workers remain the workers. . . . The regime of corporations is not anti-capitalist."

The best commentary on the words of Signori Lantini and Rossoni was the Senate session I attended. Mussolini was there and was vociferously cheered, but I am not sure whether the Crown Prince, greeted with loud cries of "Savoy," "Savoy," and the four royal dukes who accompanied him, did not receive at least as much applause. These five gentlemen were driven to the Senate not in their splendid limousines, but in carriages each drawn by two horses. This is an innocent custom. Yet it is a symbol too, a symbol of conservatism and especially of intimate ties with the land. The Senate includes many heads of landed aristocratic families. And as long as royalty, nobility, and a powerful estate-owning class exist, all the free and under-cultivated soil of Italy naturally cannot be distributed among land-hungry peasants. In the Senate, apart from representatives of science, the armed forces, and the arts, sit many industrial magnates. That is another vested interest. Mussolini, to be sure, does not seem to like this reactionary body, and he has, of course, reduced it to legislative impotence. Yet it is there to demonstrate that the totalitarian political dictatorship has not been so totalitarian in economics and social affairs.

This answers the question why Mussolini launched the East African war. Within the limits set by the existence and operations of landowners and a city bourgeoisie, he has, it may be granted, done almost as much as he could for Italian economy. He realised soon enough, however, that these limits were rather confining and he early commenced to prepare a substitute. The substitute was not the economic profits of imperial expansion. Fascists use this as an argument, yet they themselves doubt the material advantages of the conquest of Ethiopia. It is not known whether the raw materials of Abyssinia are of commercial value. "What we do in Abyssinia," Rossoni said to me, "depends on the amount of money and free land available." To exploit Abyssinia, Italy will have to receive foreign loans, and if she can obtain these she could equally well use them to purchase raw materials for intensified industrial production at home. Italy has had Libya for decades, and pacified it years ago. The same is true of Eritrea. Yet only in the first days of this month did the Government approve of schemes for the economic development of those old colonies. Why so late? All of Eritrea, whose climate and topography are similar to those of Ethiopia, counted 4,560 Italian inhabitants at the 1931 census, most of them officials and missionaries. The whole Italian overseas empire contains only 3,000 Italian peasants. What proof is there that Abyssinia will yield better results or that the ultimate income will justify the immense outlays?

The economic benefits of Italian imperial expansion may make fair propaganda, but the Fascists do not put much stock in it. They consequently stress other than material considera-

tions. " Of course," Giuseppe Bottai, the Governor of Rome, admitted in an article in the *Messaggero* of November 14th, 1935, " the real or possible wealth of Abyssinia is one of the elements of the problem . . . one of the elements, but not the decisive one." Italy has a mission; she must civilise. Italy is virile; she must find an outlet for her zeal and vigour. If Italy had vast development possibilities within herself, her rulers might say to the growing generation: " Prepare to become rich. Invent new machines. Build new industries and cities. Lead Italy forward toward economic greatness." Those possibilities do not exist. The regime therefore says: " War dignifies "—war for its own sake. " We have a right to an empire "; it enriches our national personality. This mystic cult becomes a life necessity to a regime which has reached an economic and social *impasse*. Such is the force of agitation and education in these days that abstract values like blood and soil, or the call to carry Europe's heritage to dark Africa, acquire a reality which moves hundreds of thousands to the sincerest efforts and the greatest sacrifices, although, God knows, very few Italians have as yet subjected themselves to the ennobling influence of fighting in Abyssinia—they have gallantly stepped aside for their Eritrean askaris.

Cramped by its own determination to remain a political dictatorship, Italian Fascism has tied itself into a knot which it hopes to cut with the sword. But it cuts itself when it tries to cut that knot. With or without Abyssinia, Fascism must still face Italy's internal problems. The suspicion exists, therefore, that the mystic cult will have to be driven further. It must seek new goals—Egypt? India? If England were to yield Abyssinia with little resistance, Italy might assume that less time and effort would be required to take the Nilelands than to convert Abyssinia into an asset.

No matter how much of Abyssinia they get it will not be enough for the Italian Fascists. There is little balm in Ethiopia. Mussolini may know this. Several weeks ago, one hears, he told a number of foreigners that the Abyssinian war may lead him to make a social revolution. How he could do that he did not say. But this is a pregnant thought. Apparently, Mussolini realises wherein he has failed.

Rome, December, 1935. LOUIS FISCHER

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Lucifer.

All cuttings should be addressed to " This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Gilbert converted, giving New Zealand a 12—10 lead, and tears streamed down a number of white and silent faces.—*Manchester Guardian.*

For the cat lover. A special present for she who has a beloved cat, is a perfect little flat, three feet long by two feet wide, made of coloured enamelled metal. One part is devoted to a bed complete with cushion, two white lined feeding dishes and promenade. The other portion has removable tray, sand-bin and tiny shovel. Everything matches in colour, and green, blue, pink or beige is obtainable.—*Star.*

A large number of people visited St. Paul's this afternoon to see the Christmas Crib which has been placed inside the West doorway of the Cathedral. Mr. J. A. Kensit, secretary of the Protestant Truth Society, said: " I am sure we shall issue a formal protest and ask for its removal. It is an attempt to scrap the Reformation."—*Evening Standard.*

I have a closed car for London, and I always have an open one. Then I have a car for shooting, a car suitable for taking people to the station, and a car for my domestic staff and a car for taking my children to parties.

So that you see I really have these motors for necessity.—Viscount Scarsdale reported in *Daily Express.*

Alarming and unfounded reports flourish readily at Christmastide, when for two days the English public is without its newspapers.—*Evening Standard*, leading article.

That much-travelled woman, Lady Hay Drummond-Hay, greets her friends with a card bearing a woodcut of the Three Kings, a peculiarly appropriate choice at this moment, when our eyes are turned to the East.—*Daily Telegraph.*

Kipling at Seventy. His continued interest in contemporary events has manifested itself in a curious way. He has set up a sort of Belisha beacon in his garden; its distance from the house corresponds with the length of the Queen Mary.—*Evening Standard.*

Some of you may say that American films have recently drawn such inspiration and profit from British history that the underlining of a lurid chapter in the history of the British Navy savours of ingratitude, if not of indiscretion.—*Daily Mail.*

TERRITORIAL PLANNING

II.—THE FUTURE

DURING the past twenty years there have been large changes in the distribution of population, in the number and size of families, in housing, in transportation, in roads, in electricity supply, in the character of industry and commerce. No attempt has been made to weave these changes into a well-designed pattern of social life. The territorial planning of present and future development stands out as one of the most urgent needs, no matter whether the economic order remains what it now is or whether it is transformed by large measures of socialisation.

The essential key to this problem lies in controlling the location of industry. How can a local authority, or for that matter a central authority, arrange for the proper disposition of roads, houses, drainage schemes, schools, open spaces, and other public services, without knowing where future industrial development will take place? It is manifestly impossible. The first essential step towards putting an end to the waste, confusion, inefficiency and ugliness resulting from the haphazard growth of urbanisation and undirected industrialisation is the establishment of effective means of directing the location of industry. All the other aspects of territorial planning depend on this essential basis.

Take the case of London. It is utterly futile to town-plan the L.C.C. area (which is highly inadequate in size for such a purpose) without previously determining where industrial development is to be permitted, and where restricted, in the great metropolitan region, comprising some 2,000 square miles and including about nine million persons, which forms the area of the London Passenger Transport Board. The obvious need in this region is to canalise industrial building into carefully defined zones inside the hypothetical green girdle; to make the green girdle a reality (it will require far more than the £2,000,000 provided by the L.C.C.); and outside the green belt to confine industry to certain satellite towns which are suitable for the purpose, the land in between those towns being allocated to agricultural uses. In addition, the slum clearance idea and the Improvement Area notion should be applied to factories and commercial premises with certain financial modifications.

The over-concentration of population and industry in London is closely related to the flight from the derelict areas. It is a consequence of the slothful way in which we have failed to reconstruct those areas in terms of modern economic and social needs, but have accepted their abandonment to misery and despair in a spirit of fatalistic resignation.

It is clear, therefore, that a national body will be required for the purpose; and such an authority will have to possess a much greater grasp of the situation than has so far been shown by any Government department. The only valuable example of a planning body which we so far possess is the Electricity Commission, which was responsible for the general design of the grid and the various regional schemes. The Electricity Commission, unlike the Central Electricity Board, is not an entirely independent body. It is rather an extension

of the Ministry of Transport. The Minister appoints the Commissioners with the concurrence of the Board of Trade, and they are solely responsible to him. But the Commission has a life and an urge and a separate status of its own; and since 1926 it has been an outstanding success.

There will undoubtedly be a tremendous outcry from the business community if any attempt is made to interfere with the economic harmonies which are alleged to result from the disgusting spectacle which meets the eye as one travels out of London along the Edgware Road or by the Great West Road; or which confronts the visitor to Newcastle or Gateshead or most of our industrial centres. My suggestion is that peremptory authority should be kept in the background as far as possible, but that the municipal services should be utilised as instruments of persuasion and dissuasion. If electrical power were offered by the Central Electricity Board at specially favourable rates to manufacturers who were willing to start factories in the derelict areas or wherever else the central planning body wanted to encourage industrial development, and at specially high rates in places where it was desired to discourage it; if municipal houses, roads, hospitals, water supply, schools and other public services were promised in some places and withheld in others, in order to direct the location of industry, business men would be confronted with very cogent arguments in favour of compliance without the use of any compulsory powers whatever. Few people realise that we have the essential instruments of control already in our hands if we will but use them.

Within the framework of a national master-plan regional authorities would work out for their areas detailed plans in which provision would be made for residential, commercial, industrial and agricultural zoning and regulation; for parks, playgrounds and open spaces; for libraries, schools, hospitals and other community buildings; for roads, street transport, public utilities and housing. The work of the local organs would be increased rather than diminished by the establishment of a central planning body and competent regional authorities. Even within each region there would be a place for minor planning authorities to work out local details other than those comprised in the regional plans.

There are already in existence a number of regional or semi-regional planning authorities, built up from county, borough and district councils. The experience of the last ten years shows that in order to be effective a regional body must have executive powers; if it is merely advisory or formulative, leaving the enforcement of the plan to the constituent authorities, the plan is unlikely to be effective, since the smaller councils cannot be relied upon to withstand local pressure to grant exceptions which gradually undermine the whole scheme. In general, small authorities tend to have small ideas—although unfortunately the converse is not always true.

Many people are under the impression that the Restriction of Ribbon Development Act, 1935, will go far towards ensuring an earthly paradise in a relatively short time. This comforting illusion should be dispelled without delay. The Act aims at preventing or controlling building development along the frontages of roads. It seeks to achieve this purpose in order, first, to preserve the convenience and amenities of the highway system for the motoring community; and, second, in order to protect local authorities from the excessive cost and waste involved in supplying water, sewage, and other services to houses which are stretched out in single line along a sparsely populated road.

The principal methods by which the Act proceeds to attain its end are by empowering the local highway authority to adopt a standard width (which may vary from 60 feet to 160 feet) for any road in its area, whereupon in due course it becomes unlawful to construct without consent any means of access to or from the road, or to erect any building or works upon land falling within the standard width selected. In other words, a sterilised zone is established running along each side of the highway and extending up to the standard width. Section 2 imposes similar restrictions on all classified roads up to a distance of 220 feet from the middle of the road. Section 4 enables the highway authority to put up fences for the purpose of preventing access to any road to which restrictions have been applied. They may also acquire land within 220 yards from the middle of the road in order either to improve the highway or to prevent "the erection of buildings detrimental to the view from the road." There are numerous other sections dealing with such matters as the provision of parking places by local authorities.

The Act is, fundamentally, a measure for the benefit of motorists. It is one more offering laid on the altar of the great god Automobile. It does not in any sense represent a creative attempt to mould our material environment into an harmonious and civilised design for living. It springs mainly from the desire of the motorist to shove off the road anyone or anything who impedes the traffic or spoils the view. The Act, like the motorist, is indifferent to where the ribbon-dweller goes, or who else he annoys, so long as he is cleared off the road. That is the one preoccupation. Hence the Ribbon Development Act is not conceived as a planning measure at all. For this reason it is likely to have extremely unpleasant consequences. It will probably lead to sporadic development in the fields and meadows. It will stimulate haphazard building on the downs, along the coast, in all parts of the countryside which are remote from the important roads. Of course all these disadvantageous results could be prevented by town and country planning; but there is no reason why local authorities should make better use of their planning powers now that the Ribbon Development Act is passed than they did before it was enacted.

Broadly speaking, we possess adequate knowledge of the essentials of territorial planning to enable us to create an extraordinarily pleasant environment, both in town and in the country. All kinds of promising ideas have been discussed, from the reservation of the entire coast to the establishment of national parks; from the creation of parkways to the building of satellite towns. But little seems to happen beyond the continued destruction and urbanisation of the countryside—save for an occasional achievement such as Welwyn Garden City or the Wythenshawe Estate now under way in Manchester. To what can we ascribe this curious failure of will, this yawning gulf between possibility and actuality?

One of the most important causes is the inadequate preparation for this new work which civil servants and municipal officers have received. I have a very high opinion of our public service, both central and local; but it is useless to pretend that the members of it have been trained in the elements of territorial planning. One can count on the fingers of one hand the men who are even aware of the dimensions of the problem. If we want good territorial planning we shall have to consider seriously the question of producing men who are specially qualified by education and training to accomplish the task. In short, let us begin to think in terms of planners as well as planning.

WILLIAM A. ROBSON

AN INCIDENT IN IMPERIAL HISTORY

LAST May the Northern Rhodesian police killed six men and wounded twenty-two by rifle fire. The Report of the Commission of Inquiry into the disturbances is now published. It lifts the curtain for a moment from the African scene.

The copper deposits in N. Rhodesia were first mined in 1929, by capital mainly American but also British. The casualties were workers in a copper mine who had gone on strike. The cause of the strike was the announcement that the mine-workers' poll-tax was to be raised from 12*s.* 6*d.* to 15*s.*, retrospectively, as from last January, when it fell due. The cause of the rioting that led to the loss of life was the bullying of the strikers by the police. The Report says:

> On their arrival at the compound office, the police made charges with the idea of dispersing the natives who were in the neighbourhood.

> These natives were perfectly orderly, standing about the compound in small groups of tens and fifteens—actually there was no gathering round the compound office at that time. They were waiting to see what was going to happen; numbers of them had been prevented from going to work; and others had gone there for protection. . . . The Commission find that . . . these charges of the police at this time were unnecessary and provocative, and led to the bitter feeling against the police which was the cause of later developments.

The later developments were these. The strikers eventually replied to the charges by throwing stones at the police. The police, who had been forbidden to use their rifles except on the magistrate's orders, were greatly outnumbered and retreated to the shelter of the compound office, together with the magistrate, the European managers and employees of the mine and their African clerks. Encouraged by the retreat the mob drew closer. There was not enough room in the office for the hundred or more men trying to get into it. People crowding in prevented the magistrate and others from getting out to deal with the trouble. The din of the stones on the iron roof made it impossible for a word to be heard. Of the police the Report says: "They were running about and were out of control—some of them seem to have lost their heads." Their superintendent actually threw some stones back at the mob. When several of the police had been hit by stones, first one and then others of them fired on the mob. The rioters retreated, but did not disperse, while the police were being disarmed by their horrified officers. Just as the mob was threatening another charge there fortunately arrived a small body of disciplined African troops under two European officers. These men, immensely to their credit, by patiently withstanding the insults of the crowd, which did not dare to assault them, eventually managed to get it to disperse, after the firing of only a single shot, by an accident, probably a fortunate accident.

Five years ago the Governors of all the African Dependencies were directed to consult the tribal authorities prior to the introduction into their Legislatures of any measure affecting Africans' interests. In this case not only did the Governor disregard that instruction, the Commissioners themselves make no mention of his failure to do so. What makes their silence on the matter the more remarkable is that the rise in the mine-workers' tax was offset, under the new regulations, by a fall in the rate to be paid by Africans other than the mine-workers. And as most of those other taxes are paid out of the earnings of the mine-workers, the total sum they would have to pay under the new regulations would in fact be rather less than under the old. Obviously if the changes in the incidence of the tax had been discussed with the tribal councils beforehand, the trouble could not have arisen. Yet in their careful apportioning of praise and blame to the various people concerned the Commissioners make no mention of this vital point. The silence of the Report on another matter is also significant. The Report says nothing about any demand by the workers for increased wages. They cannot have made one. Nowhere in East Africa are wage rates the result of bargaining, except in the case of the semi-skilled minority. Enough wages are paid to enable the native community to pay the direct taxation. The Report gives 23*s.* 6*d.* as the average monthly cash wage of mine-workers, and 5*s.* to 12*s.* 6*d.* as what labourers on the European estates are paid. What makes wages, in N. Rhodesia, practically the sole source of the poll-tax money is the fact that no part of the country is nearer to the sea than two thousand miles, so that there is nothing for Africans to grow for sale and export—nothing at least that they have been told about. That is why wage-earners have in all East African countries to pay most of the taxes of relatives who grow the family food supply. Thus in Kenya, where the tax is 12*s.*, the average tax money paid by the average wage-earner is 28*s.* By contrast, in both Kenya and N. Rhodesia, Europeans have to pay hardly any direct taxation. An income of £900, for example, pays only £15.

These African copper mines have international importance. Copper being one of the things of which the world produces more than it needs, production is restricted to keep up the price. And as the labour of an African paid ninepence a day is a far greater source of profit than the labour of an American citizen paid five dollars a day, one result of the African venture is that thousands of American citizens have lost their jobs. In fact the only gainers by the venture are the promoters and shareholders, the well-paid European employees, and the Government, that gets its taxes paid. No one has ever pretended that Africans want to work in mines, or that they are either wiser or happier for doing it.

One last point. In the disturbances of last May, when the European men of the mining settlement were shut up in the compound office and being bombarded with stones, their wives and children, to the number of over two hundred souls, sat in their homes, at the mercy of the mob. Yet, as the Report testifies, neither was any person insulted nor any property injured. All the strikers did was to compel the African servants in those houses to join in the strike. Those black subjects of the Crown in East Africa deserve a new deal from us. If half the men and women whose bosoms swelled with pride in the Empire at the King's Jubilee knew how that Empire is governed, they would get that new deal. NORMAN LEYS

MRS. THOMPSON OF BALLARAT

As we grow older we become increasingly grateful to those who give us advice about our health. In early life we listen to such advice with impatience. Uncles, aunts and nurses who are over-fussy about our well-being merely annoy us. How exasperating it is at the age of eight to be told to chew one's food properly, not to stoop, not to sit on the wet grass, to avoid pepper and mustard as things that stunt the growth, and to go to bed early in order to obtain one's proper share of beauty sleep! In our 'teens we are still resentful of the health lectures of our elders. We object to being warned to change our clothes merely because they have been wet through and to eschew tobacco and alcohol as physiologically harmful drugs. We regard care of the health as a form of cowardice. We have so much vitality that we feel we can afford to squander it.

As we advance in years our attitude changes. We begin to realise that our uncles, our aunts and our nurses were largely right. If we had taken their advice, what troubles, digestive and other, we might have been spared! Who knows what paragons of health we might have become if we had acquired early the habit of chewing every bite thirty-two times? Not only our digestions but our characters would have benefited. We should have had powerful jaw-muscles, and could have outfaced tyrants with less trepidation than we now feel. Yes, childhood and youth is the time in which to form habits—habits that make life one prolonged joy. Every year we live after thirty it becomes more difficult to chew every bite thirty-two times, and every year it becomes more necessary to chew every bite thirty-two times. And so with scores of other health-giving habits. We value them most when they are all but beyond our reach.

It is all the more to our credit that, being in such a desperate condition, we still refuse to despair. As we meditate on our neglected frames and wish that we had treated them more intelligently, reason whispers, "Too late"; but, at sight of a patent medicine advertisement—almost any patent medicine advertisement—hope tingles anew in our veins and we aspire more ardently than ever after the recovery of that *Italia irredenta* of health that we have forfeited by our folly. Conversation with those who have cured themselves by magical means is balm to our spirits. "The juice of three lemons a day?" we ask. "Yes," they say, "but not with food—between meals or before them." We nod gratefully and dream dreams of well-being. Or we murmur half incredulously: "You mean to say that he simply rubbed the back of your neck and your knee got better!" "Yes," they reply, with a look of mystical happiness; "you should try it." "But I haven't a sore knee." "Oh, but it cures everything—

everything." That is the kind of talk I like to hear. Three minutes of such intimate conversation—conversation that is not the mere babble of the frivolous, but that is a passionate statement of experience—makes me feel almost young again.

I had this sense of the rose of youth revived a few days ago when a friend gave me a copy of a magazine, *The Call to Health and Prosperity*, and I opened it at an article entitled "New Philosophy of Life for Young and Old! Exercise and Singing to Regain Charm." It is not that I have any overmastering desire for charm. Give me health and prosperity and you can *have* charm. But the article thus seductively named promised far more than the superficial gift of charm to its readers. And, as it was about an elderly lady of 61, it opened up for one of its readers a sun-steeped vista of hope. What novel ever had a more entrancing beginning? "Mrs. Thompson of Ballarat had never performed a physical culture exercise in her life before she was 61." Sixty-one years of wasted opportunities! How like one's own life story! At first some readers may be conscious of a slight chill at the thought that they are going to be summoned to yet another course of those old exercises that they have given up almost as often as the moon has risen since they were aged ten. They remember the dumb-bells and the Indian-clubs and the chest-expanders and the thing they tugged at on the bedroom wall and the Muller rubbings, and they know that at their present age they have not the strength of character to begin that kind of thing all over again. Let them suspend judgment, however, till they have read more of the story of Mrs. Thompson of Ballarat. "She went in," we are told, "for breathing exercises. She returned to Ballarat so rejuvenated that her friends did not recognise her. She had lost three stone in weight, and her waist-line had decreased from 40 to 26 inches without dieting." I myself might object at this point that I do not want to lose three stone in weight. If I lost three stone, my friends would certainly be unable to recognise me, but that would be because I should have become invisible. No sooner do I make this objection, however, than I see its unreasonableness. As the advocates of the lemon cure point out, the things that make fat people thin are the things that make thin people fat. So the probability is that if I went in for breathing exercises, I should, unlike Mrs. Thompson, become three stone heavier. There is certainly no suggestion that Mrs. Thompson, who has now become a propagandist of deep breathing, confines her promises of well-being to men and women with enormous waist-lines. "People are dying," she says, "for want of air, the only thing in the world that is free. There is a joy in breathing consciously, and in keeping fit, and a happiness in passing on this philosophy to other people."

And the glorious thing about breathing consciously, apparently, is that it gives you sufficient strength of character to do exercises. Mrs. Thompson holds classes in which her pupils joyously perform exercises to music and singing. One of the songs sung by the deep-breathers seems to me so beautiful that I shall be surprised if in the course of the next few months it is not taken up by the crooners on the wireless. It runs:

> Every inhaled breath brings life,
> Exhalation ends all strife,
> Keep your solar plexus in,
> While your mind is fixed within;
> Have your eyes well focused, fixed
> On some object. Don't get mixed.

Would that Mussolini could be induced to warble these inspiring words as he does his bending exercises in the morning! "Exhalation ends all strife." What a message of hope to war-beclouded Europe! "Keep your solar plexus in." Having sung that line every morning for a fortnight, Hitler himself, I will swear, would begin to feel that Jews are not such bad people after all. Tyranny could no longer exist in a world that lived in an ecstasy of inhalation and exhalation. Nation would speak unto nation with a rapturous shout: "Don't get mixed!" The League of Nations, it seems to me, should take immediate steps to set up a committee for the Encouragement of Breathing and Singing Exercises.

Life, indeed, if we ordered it according to the principles of Mrs. Thompson of Ballarat, would become extraordinarily beautiful. She brings the imagination of a poet, not only to her breathing classes, but to her instructions in the use of herbs. What could be more enchanting than the Herbal Salute to Spring, which she recommends to her pupils? "Mrs. Thompson describes a course of potions beginning with dandelion leaves and followed by parsley, barley, mint and sage teas—each of them taken every morning for a week." It is like a catalogue of flowers in Shakespeare. And, indeed, even outside the article on Mrs. Thompson, *The Call to Health and Prosperity* is rich in charming plant lore. For example: "One globe artichoke a day will suffice to build up the nervous system in five weeks." And again: "Potato water acts upon the nervous system, particularly upon the more delicate organs, and is often used in relieving eye troubles." And, if you prefer to absorb your vegetables in what may be called medicinal form, "the pure natural garlic oil contained in 'Garlic Pearles' will work wonders." Better still, you can buy a youth-restoring "vegetable gland food and tonic," of which it is said: "No written words can convey adequately the happy effects of the new energy rapidly generated by taking a course of this most potent remedy."

After all this, one can perhaps be forgiven for feeling a little more optimistic than one felt while reading the news in the morning papers. If the politicians of the world would devote a little less time to politics and a little more to breathing consciously and to eating globe artichokes, we might yet live to see the foundations of the Earthly Paradise. I, for one, intend to set the politicians an example. I look forward to making my Herbal Salute to Spring. Even at the prospect of doing so, and not having yet ordered my first glass of potato water, I already feel a younger and a better man.

Y. Y.

Correspondence

SANCTIONS AND WAR

SIR,—Mr. Clive Bell is inexorable. No wonder the intellectuals of the Left ignore him. For he continues to point out, with the maximum of logic and the minimum of tact, that a true pacifist (i.e., one who is not prepared to fight in any circumstances) cannot, under existing conditions, be a supporter of the League of Nations.

May I tell him why I—who presumably come under the category of "Young Patriot"—piped up in Mr. Geoffrey Dawson's triumphant "cackle"? Not, let me assure him, because I want to have a crack at the "wops." But because I firmly believe that the only chance that now remains of preserving peace is the rapid development of the League of Nations into an effective instrument of (collective) policy, strong enough to restrain an aggressor by the threat of sanctions, and backed by overpowering (international) force.

The only alternative seems to me to be a war of final destruction within the next five years. To abandon Abyssinia at this juncture would be to destroy the League, and to give the "All Clear" signal to Hitler for 1937.

In a world as insane as this one, there is no room in practical affairs for the Christian pacifist, or indeed for any theoretical idealist: but the rationalist still has a part to play, and may once again save the sum of things. Hitherto I had thought that Mr. Clive Bell was a rationalist. It seems not. But, whatever he is, I am puzzled by his apparent solicitude for the Fascist regime.

No dictatorship is compatible with the kind of civilisation which both he and I would like to see. And if—as is quite possible, without any major conflagration—the pressure of events brings about the fall of the present regime in Italy, I don't see why we should worry.

In any event, at a moment when the Abyssinians themselves are putting up so successful a resistance to Italian aggression, doesn't Mr. Bell think it was infernal impudence and hypocrisy on our

part (especially after the moral song-and-dance we had put up for four months) suddenly to urge the Emperor to dismember his country for the exclusive benefit of Italy? ROBERT BOOTHBY

The French House,
Lympne, Kent.

SIR,—Mr. Clive Bell prides himself on his discovery that "sanctions might mean war." As this fact was dwelt upon at the Margate T.U. Congress and the Labour Party Annual Conference last September, and has been frequently pointed out for months in your columns (let alone your pamphlet "Abyssinia,") I am not impressed by this belated prescience.

The danger of war has always been inherent in the very principle of sanctions. It has been gravely aggravated by the attempts to do a deal with Mussolini that first encouraged him to believe he need fear no opposition if he went to war, and have now given him reason to think that he may by threatening war frighten us into continuing to supply him with oil. But even now the risk can be exaggerated; Mussolini's threats to reply to sanctions by war began before sanctions were applied at all, and have so far proved to be bluff. The loyalty with which the Members of the League have hitherto applied the existing sanctions under par. 1 of Art. 16, and the assurances received from France make it as certain as anything can be that joint preparations for concerted defence under pars. 2 and 3 of Art. 16 will be equally effective. If, after such preliminary measures, the oil embargo is applied, it will be physically impossible for Mussolini to put up more than a brief fight with overwhelming defeat as the certain result. Italy's oil supplies are estimated as sufficient for about four or five months against Abyssinia alone. If the Duce were mad enough to attempt to take on, in addition and simultaneously, Great Britain, France, the forces of the Little Entente and of the Balkan Entente, a Soviet air fleet, etc., his oil supplies could scarcely suffice to keep the Italian army, navy and air force going for five weeks. In the circumstances, Italian despair is likely to take the form of a collapse of the Fascist regime rather than of war against the world.

Mr. Bell further suggests that if Mussolini replied to League sanctions by war, the result might be a general European war. Anything is possible in this bad and dangerous world, but this eventuality is surely highly improbable. Hitler has been emphatic about his desire to stay neutral in this conflict, and icy toward all Italian advances. Germany's internal condition is so bad that it would be suicide for the Nazi regime to plunge into a war for Mussolini's *beaux yeux* against a united Europe. And Hitler, Schacht, and the Reichswehr know all that!

Mr. Bell bids us tremble at the prospect of civil war, "certainly" in Italy and "very probably" in Spain and France, resulting from the League's defeat of Mussolini's aggression. I have enough faith in the Italian people to believe they will quickly get rid of a degrading tyranny that has got them into an unholy mess. But even if it costs them a civil war, that after all is their affair—I have no use for the argument that we should tear up the Covenant in order to help Fascism survive. As for France and Spain, the Left is already expected to win the impending General Elections in those countries. If the League brings to nought Mussolini's aggression and Italian Fascism consequently collapses, the capitalist-nationalist reaction will be shattered by constitutional means in France and Spain, and will be shaken to its foundations throughout Europe, including this country. This prospect naturally worries the French Croix de Feu and our own Diehards so much that they try to frighten the rest of us into destroying the League and giving Mussolini a free hand by threatening us with a European war and civil wars if we don't. But it is a saddening, although not novel, phenomenon to find Mr. Clive Bell echoing the alarmist propaganda of British Diehards and Continental Fascists.

Of course, there are risks in standing by the Covenant, although Mr. Bell wildly exaggerates those risks. But there are also risks in defaulting on the Covenant, although Mr. Bell ignores them. Either way there is no certainty, but only a balance of probabilities and a choice between two evils. I believe that we can succeed, if we continue and stiffen up sanctions, in making a reality, for the first time, of subordinating force to law in international relations, and that this will check the drift to another world war and make possible a new start with civilisation. I believe the probable consequences of adopting Mr. Clive Bell's implied advice to call off sanctions and give Mussolini a free hand for his aggression, because we were frightened by his threats of war, would be as follows:

(1) We should prolong the Italo-Abyssinian war for at least two years, followed by guerrilla warfare of indefinite duration. (2) The breakdown of Articles 10 and 16 of the Covenant would mean loss of faith in the whole conception of renouncing war as an instrument of national policy, and substituting pacific settlement of disputes and collective defence against aggression. The League as an instrument of peace would cease to exist, faith in international honour or justice or the reign of law would be destroyed, and men would be driven back to the belief that force and fraud alone count in world affairs. (3) We should become accessories to Mussolini's war of conquest, by selling him oil and other war materials. (4) We should break our plighted word to Abyssinia, on which that country is relying in its fight for life. (5) As those who can speak with authority on this subject have been pointing out for months, the coloured races will draw very uncomfortable conclusions as to what to do with whites who break their word to blacks out of funk; the stage will be set the world over for a bitter struggle between white and coloured races. (6) In such a world there will be despair in the hearts of all who hoped mankind was struggling toward a civilisation based on world government and social justice; the capitalist-nationalist reaction will become even darker and more violent; the arms race will speed-up; another world war, kindling frightful social and racial conflicts, will in all human probability destroy civilisation within the next five or ten years. R. WILLIAMS

PALESTINE

SIR,—I read with great interest your comment in the last issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION on the prospective Legislative Council for Palestine, which seems to me as a Palestinian to be the correct analysis of the situation.

Will you permit me to quote another case which shows clearly that the line of policy adopted by the Palestine Government is the wrong one and will achieve anything but the welding of the two nations of the country? There exist two systems of education in the country, one run by the Zionist Organisation for Jews and the other run by the Government for Arabs. The Arab language is being taught in all the Jewish secondary schools, the Zionist Organisation seeing in this the key to the understanding with the Arabs. On the other hand, Hebrew is not taught in any of the Arab schools run by the Government. A few weeks ago, when they opened a Commercial School for the Arabs in Jaffa and thought it necessary to introduce a third language in addition to English and Arabic, they chose the French language. It seems to me that if the Government is really interested in understanding between the two nations, the only language that ought to be adopted is Hebrew. This will also prove more advantageous to the students owing to the fact that the Jews are the dominant factor in commerce and industry, whilst the commercial relations with France are almost negligible. E. SACHAROV

149 Fellows Road, N.W.3.

A PLEA FOR TOLERATION

SIR,—The Victorian belief in inevitable progress has all the wistful charm of a faded daguerreotype. The world, so our grandfathers believed, was every day and in every way getting better and better . . . and more British. Italians under Garibaldi and Hungarians under Kossuth were clamouring for Parliaments on the British model. Is it surprising that Tennyson believed that progress would "broaden down from precedent to precedent"—British precedent, of course—until the process culminated in the Parliament of Man?

We now know, and have no excuse for not knowing, that there is no such thing as inevitable progress; that freedom is as easily lost as won; that man is imperfectly civilised, and that the ancient brutality is ever ready to return. The revival of persecution has led to a disconcerting deadening of conscience. Moral indignation obeys the law of diminishing returns, and the mere repetition of atrocity stories, however well authenticated, provokes the inevitable reaction and creates the will to disbelieve in the reality of such horrors, particularly where the horrors have been committed by those whose general policy one approves.

There has never been a period when the technique of persecution has been applied with greater effect over larger areas, and there has never been a period when so few people objected to persecution as such. Englishmen as a whole distrust logic, and tend to subordinate thinking to feeling. The average Englishman is slightly irritated by the kind of argument which proceeds by a logical deduction from a general principle to a particular case. It is therefore not surprising that every Englishman should be

firmly convinced that he is, *qua* Englishman, a resolute opponent of persecution, whereas in point of fact few of us object to persecution as such but only—on trade union principles—to the persecution of those with whose religious or political views we find ourselves in sympathy.

A friend of mine recently published a book in which dictators were attacked and freedom praised. The iniquities of Mussolini and Hitler were the theme of several moving chapters. Russia was dismissed in a footnote in which it was explained that the Russian dictatorship was quite a different kind of dictatorship, since it was established for ideal ends.

An international congress was recently summoned in Paris to promote freedom of speech. In the course of the proceedings an elderly gentleman rose from the body of the hall and expressed his strong sympathy with the objects of the meeting.

"You see," he explained, "I feel very strongly indeed about the suppression of freedom, for I am a Russian Grand Duke."

At this point he lost the sympathy of his audience, for the meeting had been called not to protest against the suppression of free speech, but to protest against the suppression of Communists speaking freely. All of which was explained to the Russian Grand Duke as they bundled him towards the door.

A Liberal is a man who objects not only to the persecution of Liberals, but also to the persecution of Conservatives. When we contrast the vast amount of publicity very properly given by the Liberal press to the sufferings of Jews and Socialists with the virtual boycott of all reference to the sufferings of Christians in Mexico and Russia, and the indifference of the Left Wing press to the miseries of the Russian exiles, we are driven to the melancholy conclusion that Liberals are not well represented in the Liberal press.

I remember discussing this question with a distinguished Jew who had held Cabinet rank in a Liberal Government. I reminded him that Lord Iddesleigh, a Roman Catholic, had attacked the Nazis in the House of Lords for their attitude to the Jews, and that Lord Iddesleigh's protest had been enthusiastically endorsed by the Catholic press in this country. A few weeks later it was suggested to a prominent Jewish peer that he might protest against the persecution of Catholics in Mexico and Christians in Russia. The noble lord replied that he was not interested.

The ex-Cabinet Minister immediately began to defend the persecution of Catholics. The religious orders, he maintained, had amassed their money in very questionable ways. Which is, of course, exactly what the Nazis say about the Jews.

Since it is in the nature of man to err, it is always easy for those who wish for an excuse for expropriating the wealthy or for persecuting the unpopular to make out a case against individuals or against corporations, a case which will always be accepted with uncritical enthusiasm by uncharitable people who dislike the individuals or corporations in question.

There are, again, Liberals so illiberal as to maintain that the persecuted Catholic has no legitimate cause for complaint, because the Catholic Church is committed to a policy of persecution. The Catholic Church is committed to its defined doctrines and to nothing else. The Church is committed to the view that heresy is an evil, but it is not committed to any particular attitude to heretics. It would, indeed, be more difficult to prove that the true mind of the Church was represented by Torquemada than by St. Augustine who said, "Love men; hate errors," or by St. John Chrysostom who declared that to condemn a heretic to death is to commit an offence beyond atonement. I do not believe that the British Government will ever revive hanging as a punishment for theft, and I do not believe that the Church, even if it were to regain its old power, would revive the old penalties for heresy.

I am emboldened to seek the hospitality of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for this appeal for a united front against persecution, because the editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is a Liberal who, though personally unsympathetic to Catholicism, criticised with great vigour the recent outburst of Protestant fanaticism in Edinburgh. Men who belittle, condone or apologise for the persecutions inflicted upon those whose political or religious views they dislike, have no place in the ranks of those who are united in their hatred of persecution as such. ARNOLD LUNN

THE CATHOLIC VOTE

SIR,—It is a pity that Dr. Summerskill did not give more details about the sinister power wielded by the Catholic clergy at Bury. In what does this power consist? Is the ballot at Bury not secret? And do the priests kidnap and torture innocent people who vote for the wrong candidate? Or what? To judge from her letter, all that happened was that the clergy strongly advised Catholics not to vote for her, and that, whether or not as a result of this, many of them did not do so. If she really wishes to suppress freedom of speech among the Catholic clergy she is hardly justified in posing as a champion of democracy.

In point of fact, it is only the Labour Party which is to blame for the result. A strongly Catholic constituency such as Bury has a right to be represented by a member who respects Catholic morality. Political parties (the Labour Party is naturally not the only offender) who take no trouble to choose candidates who will be genuinely representative of, or at least acceptable to, their constituents are a much greater danger to democratic government than the priests who have so much upset Dr. Summerskill. It was as unjust and undemocratic to put up a public advocate of contraception as Labour candidate for Bury as it would have been, for example, to put up a violent anti-Semite for Whitechapel.

Incidentally, does Dr. Summerskill condemn those "priest-ridden" Anglicans who followed the lead of their archbishops in supporting sanctions against Italy? I hope at least that she will admit the scrupulous correctness of the attitude of the Catholic Church in that particular instance. J. L. RUSSELL

OSSIETZKY

SIR,—May we ask the hospitality of your columns to express our indignation at a letter about Carl von Ossietzky recently published over the signature of Mr. Knut Hamsun in several Scandinavian papers? Ossietzky is still in the concentration camp at Oldenburg; he has been charged with no offence and he is in bad health. His actual offence is that he was one of the leading pacifist writers of pre-Hitler Germany and that he is a man of rare courage. His name has been widely supported for the Nobel Peace Prize. Mr. Knut Hamsun argues that he ought to be left to rot in Oldenburg because he could have escaped from Germany if he had wished to do so. Ossietzky said in May, 1932, that he would not run away. If the Nazis imprisoned him, he would be a living demonstration against them—a permanent thorn in their flesh. Therefore Hamsun suggests he is suffering of his own free will and getting what he deserves. This seems the worst of false logic. We have never heard it suggested that the friends of Socrates would have been right in deserting him because he could have escaped from prison. If Ossietzky, too, preferred to stand up to his tormentors rather than to become a refugee, that does not mean that his imprisonment is not cruel and wicked or that those who care for such elementary liberties as the right to a fair trial ought not to work for his release. Mr. Knut Hamsun's indiscretion is surely a good example of the harm that may be done by people who have earned a reputation in one field and who enter, often quite thoughtlessly, into a political field where they understand nothing.

SEVERAL FRIENDS OF OSSIETZKY

ANTONY

SIR,—I found Mr. Cyril Connolly's review of the Earl of Lytton's book both interesting and moving.

I must confess to complete ignorance of the book, the author and the author's son, but if Antony Knebworth was the representative figure which Mr. Connolly showed us, I think his importance can hardly be over-estimated. Oxford to-day is full of slighter and less romantic Antony Knebworths. Among my own contemporaries I have found the type recurring again and again.

They are people with charm and versatility; sometimes with brilliance, and almost invariably with potential sincerity. That the sincerity is so seldom more than potential is, as they would readily admit, due largely to their own precocity. They have been bloods at school; at Oxford they are the Best People, associates of the younger dons, and members of the Carlton Club. They exploit Oxford to the full, and their capacity for enjoyment is glorious and wholly delightful. But fundamentally they are aimless and often miserable. They are, as Mr. Connolly has said, the future converts of Fascism—the best of them possibly of Roman Catholicism.

This product of the governing class and the Public School is much more to be pitied than envied or despised. He *is* a person of tremendous possibilities, but the cards have been stacked against him from the start.

To repeat Mr. Connolly's quotation, the "palpable and obvious

love of man for man" has been hidden away from him along with "obscene" literature and "subversive" propaganda. "Social justice" suggests only the rather dim people who helped with the Boys' Club at school. "Artistic integrity" means nothing at all to him, for his educators have carefully taught him to welcome accepted value judgments, and even wax pompous in praise of them.

He is far less articulate than the Antony Knebworth whom I saw at third hand in your pages last week, but his impulses are the same. Instinctively he hates the humdrum, though himself growing perceptibly more humdrum every month. The donning of a black shirt or the first lusty genuflection before the altar are actions symbolic of an escape from his own inherent contradictions. They are, of course, seldom any escape at all, and when he finds it his situation will be nearly desperate.

Is there any solution for the contemporary Antony Knebworth without a revolution in the educational system of the country?

Ganthorpe Manor, T. PHILIP TOYNBEE
Terrington, York.

AMANDA ROS

SIR,—Although I cannot definitely establish the fact that *Six Months in Hell* was never published between 1910 and the present day, I can shorten the period of doubt by over two years, which is perhaps something gained, though little enough.

Amanda Ros wrote to me on October 2nd, 1912, a long letter describing her sufferings at the hands of hostile lawyers. In the course of this letter she said:

> *Six Months in Hell* should have appeared long since, but really I was obliged to stay its publication until these vindictive vipers of the devil ended their vampire atrocities, for I know well it was *this* work they meant to arrest, knowing part of its contents will sink lawyers for ever in a dirty slough.

On April 12th of the following year (1913), in response to an inquiry from me, she wrote:

> Two of my books only are published yet: *Irene Iddesleigh*, price 2*s.* 6*d.*; *Delina Delaney*, price 2*s.* The latter is being reprinted. *Six Months in Hell* is not yet obtained from the printers.

I feel sure that if the third novel had ever appeared we should have heard of it, and one must regretfully conclude that, for one reason or another, its publication was abandoned.

Incidentally, Lord Ponsonby's letter suggests that he is not aware of the Nonesuch Press reprint of *Irene Iddesleigh* made two or three years ago. MICHAEL SADLEIR

WHY?

SIR,—Did Y. Y. consider the postal staff when writing last week's article? How would Herr Ypsylon Ypsylon like to be the postman who has to deliver a letter to BRESLAU, DEUTSCHLAND, bearing a Polish stamp and addressed to WROCLAW, NIEMCY? Pan Igrek Igrek's job across the Polish frontier is no easier when he has to know that BROMBERG, POLEN is in reality BYDGOSZCZ, POLSKA.

I shed a tear of sympathy for Comrade Oo Oo having to waste a valuable one-fifth of a second translating MOSCOW, U.S.S.R. or MOSCOU, U.R.S.S. into MOCKBA, C.C.C.P.

Edynburg, Szkocja. SZCZEPAN CHRZASZCZ

LIBRARY FACILITIES

SIR,—The National Library of Ireland is open from 10 to 10 five days a week, but regrettably closes at 1 on Saturdays: 63 hours. The national library of England (British Museum) is open from 9 to 6 six days a week: 54 hours. (The Irish library is well aired; the English library is stuffy, so it is more physical strain to work there.) Mr. Oliver Bell's suggestions in your issue of December 28th are excellent. But if they would cost a fraction of a gunboat too much, how about opening from say 12 to 10 six days a week: 60 hours? This would give the non-professional book maker a chance. CIMBER

P.S.—Oh for Germany, with its 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.!

SIR,—May I add my voice to that of Mr. Oliver Bell in urging that the British Museum Reading Room should be open in the evenings? It is a serious hardship to students who are occupied during the day that they can only make use of the Reading Room on Saturday afternoon, and then only till 6 p.m. It is also a hardship to students who come up from the country that they must break off their researches at this early hour.

Would it not at least be possible as an experiment to arrange that the Reading Room should be open later on, say, three evenings a week? I am certain that the response would more than justify the small extra expense. J. A. R. PIMLOTT

Toynbee Hall, E.1.

Miscellany

SUNSET POEM

EXQUISITE stillness! What serenities
Of earth and air! How bright atop the wall
The stonecrop's fire, and beyond the precipice
How huge, how hushed the primrose evenfall!
How softly, too, the white crane voyages
Yon honeyed height of warmth and silence, whence
He can look down on islet, lake and shore
And crowding woods and pathless promontories,
Or, further gazing, view the magnificence
Of cloudlike mountain and of mountainous cloud
Or ghostly wrack below the horizon-rim
Not even his eye has vantage to explore.
Now, spirit, find out wings and mount to him,
Wheel where he wheels, where he is soaring soar,
Hang where now he hangs in the planisphere—
Evening's first star and golden as a bee
In the sun's hair—for happiness is here!

ROBERT NICHOLS

THE CONTRA-BASSOON

THE Royal Society of Musicians is not as a rule a lively place; nor, indeed, does one often hear much about it. This is not to its discredit for, I suppose, it exists chiefly to look after the widows and orphans of impecunious musicians. If it does that work adequately it will be doing so much that one would be willing to absolve it from all other activities; certainly it would not be likely to find a better outlet for what money and capacity it has.

Occasionally, however, this Society gives dinners. I assume as much from the newspaper reports of what happened at a recent function of that sort when something very unusual happened. I say "unusual" because, first of all, it is very rarely that one of the rank and file, so to speak, of an English orchestra ever gets up on his feet and delivers a public speech, and it is still rarer—if such a strange event does occur—for him to have anything more to say than a public thank-you either for his dinner or for the unexpected honour paid to him in listening to what he has to say instead of to what he has to play.

However, at this recent dinner at which Dr. Adrian Boult and other musical personages were present, a well-known member of the B.B.C. orchestra, Mr. E. W. Hinchliffe, much respected as a musician and bassoonist in the symphony orchestra, made a speech that was not only amusing, but not merely formal, in the course of which he is reported to have said:

"The effect of continually playing the works of some modern composers will be to turn the performers into broken-down, nerve-wracked, shell-shocked, dyspeptic epileptics."

It is a good sentence, but whether for well or ill I am afraid Mr. Hinchliffe is too optimistic. Some idealists might be pleased to think that the continual playing of bad music would physically incapacitate the players, and for those whose ideals are in the past "modern" and "bad" are synonymous terms. But, actually, Mr. Hinchliffe did not say he was referring either to bad music or to modern music; his words, as I have them, were: "some modern composers," so we must take it that

he does not refer to all contemporary music. Some further words of his make it quite clear what he is referring to, for he added a plea that the B.B.C. should show mercy on their instrumentalists and "temper Schönberg with Schubert, Hindemith with Handel, Markievitch with Mendelssohn, etc."; so here we can see exactly what Mr. Hinchliffe is thinking of, and no doubt many other orchestral players and musicians—to say nothing of amateurs—share his views.

It is a sad fact that history teaches the majority of mankind nothing, and so it is not surprising to find that an admirable musician like Mr. Hinchliffe is barking up the wrong tree just as his counterpart in a Paris orchestra of 1840 or a Vienna orchestra of 1800 would have done. If I were asked to name the modern composers whose works I can listen to with some real pleasure and can look forward to hearing again, I should include in the first half-dozen at least two of the names mentioned by Mr. Hinchliffe, namely, Schönberg and Hindemith, to whom I should add Stravinsky, Prokoviev, Bartok, Alban Berg, Darius Milhaud and possibly—if I knew more of his work—the young Igor Markievitch, whose oratorio, *Le Paradis Perdu*, was performed at a B.B.C. Concert of Contemporary Music on December 20th last. But I should not include that very part of modern music which seemingly Mr. Hinchliffe takes no objection to and does not find a strain—namely, the compositions of Rachmaninov, Vaughan Williams, Arthur Bliss, Maurice Ravel, Respighi, Molipiero, Arnold Bax, etc., etc. By lumping the names together I do not mean to imply that as far as I am capable of judging I think all the members of each category to be of equal musical interest. Far from it! Listening to that stale, second-hand, worthless composition of Rachmaninov, the second pianoforte concerto, played by Solomon at the opening night of the Winter Promenades, I should blush to have it thought that I considered Vaughan Williams, for example, to have written nothing better and less eclectic than that! Nevertheless, I contend that there is a gulf between the two groups and that, on the whole, the former group produces more vital and interesting music than the second. But it is precisely the music of the first group that Mr. Hinchliffe finds a strain; though I must not impute to him what he has not said, since he made no criticism of their music other than that it imposed a severe tax on the performers. Still I do not suppose that I am misrepresenting Mr. Hinchliffe if I suggest the possibility that of contemporary music he would enjoy playing Ravel, Respighi and Rachmaninov more than Schönberg, Stravinsky and Prokoviev, while I am willing to stake whatever reputation as a music critic anyone is willing to allow me that the work of the three latter composers is greatly superior to that of the other three, while I still consider Stravinsky to be the most talented of living composers whose work is well known. But these perhaps are only personal judgments with no outside value; what cannot be denied, however, is that what the ordinary, and particularly the more conventional, music-lover would describe roughly as the "cacophonous school" (Schönberg, Stravinsky, etc.) is a group that more truly represents modern music than the other.

Let us take as an example the new work of Mr. Igor Markievitch, a young Russian composer, first brought into prominent notice by Diaghilev in 1928. I do not know how old Mr. Markievitch is, but it is rather important to know this, for if he is over thirty his new oratorio, *Le Paradis Perdu*—which is the only work of his I have heard—is not nearly as promising as it would be if he were younger. Mr. Markievitch has apparently studied in Paris, and therefore it is not surprising that the influence of the later Stravinsky—the Stravinsky of *Persephone*—is very strong. I have only heard Stravinsky's *Persephone* once, but it made a very strong impression. In fact, it struck me as a work of genius, which is the last thing one expects from a contemporary work. I do not say that I like the work very much, but it is true (is it not?) that one may dislike the work of a genius, as I do the music of Wagner, whose genius I do not deny. The music of most of the composers in my second group arouse neither like nor dislike; one simply wants to leave the hall while such music is being played, it is either so meaningless, so empty, so platitudinous or so silly. Mr. Markievitch's oratorio, on the other hand, held one's attention firmly throughout. It had a genuine expressiveness, a certainty of aim and effect and a welcome freedom from the hackneyed devices of academy-made music. What impressed me most was the writing for the voices and chorus, for I thought there was a certain monotony and lack of invention in the orchestral part. But one would have to hear the work at least once again before being able to come to a more definite conclusion about it. In the meantime, I should like to congratulate Mr. Markievitch on his soloists—Mr. Hughes Cuenod, Miss Betty Bannerman and Mme. Oda Slobodskaya, who all served him extremely well and proficiently.

W. J. TURNER

THE PANTOMIME SEASON

IN these days when so much is in the melting-pot it is a pleasure to find that the best of all the Christmas entertainments is the most traditional one, Drury Lane. *Jack and the Beanstalk* is one of the most suitable of all the fairy stories for a big theatre because it provides such alluring opportunities for stagecraft. The appearance of the giant's legs and the descent of an enormous clutching-hand to carry off the Princess are excellently done, while the transformation scene from the Beanstalk to the door of the Giants' Castle was in the very best style. Mr. Shaun Glenville is an admirable Dame, though respect for the classic text inclines me to think his name should be Durden and not Hubbard, and Miss Binnie Hale swaggers gallantly through her part, though I wonder very much that she allowed the very small Fairy Queen to snatch from her the big patriotic number, with its splendidly drilled chorus. The Griffith Bros. as Dame Durden's cow, Irene, produce the most engaging and lovable beast and two brilliant acrobats in the King's Palace seem to have slipped through Mr. Cochran's net. In the second half there are too many consecutive comic scenes, among which the kitchen scene misfires; what this part of the entertainment needs is another good song. But it is a real and proper pantomime and for that, praise the Lord.

The Vaudeville entertainment, the *Sleeping Beauty or What a Witch*, is a different cup of tea altogether. It is a chromium-plated revue with an old fairy story brought up to date. The book is well enough but the tunes are ineffectual, and the dresses sometimes give one the impression of being made up of bits and pieces. I may be wrong, but it looked to me as though the designer's ideas and colourings were originally rather good, but they had certainly taken on a very shoddy aspect in the execution. Miss Nellie Wallace is one of our great artistes and despite rather poor material she cannot fail to make her mark, but I much prefer her singing *Three Times a Day* on Saturday night at Portsmouth with the house full of sailors; that's where she becomes a figure of real portent, and in the Vaudeville pantomime she is rather undermatched. Mr. Charlot by way of being up to date gives us a male principal boy, but I can't say it is a very successful experiment. Mr. Patrick Waddington did his best to appear natural in tights, but both the part and his personality demanded a tail-coat or a lounge suit. Two excellent performances by Miss Gertrude Musgrove and Miss Phyllis Stanley as the two Queens are the outstanding successes of the evening; Miss Musgrove in particular has a very pretty turn of wit and an original and engaging personality. This is only an entertainment for a very modern child.

Two performances are specially the concern of the very young. *Dick Whittington* by the Children's Theatre company at the Embassy was loudly acclaimed the afternoon I was there both for its knockabout and for its fairies. I was amused to find a world among our younger friends where the child-performers also have their grades of stardom. Everyone round me knew all about the fairy-dancers and at the Little Theatre about *Alice*. The Embassy pantomime belongs to the folk-dance

breed. It has ballads and a good deal of Hey-Nonny-No-ing and dresses in art shades and there is none of the good solid bawdy jokes that your pantomime baron or dame usually gives you; but it seems to produce the proper effect of a pantomime, to make the children laugh, and after all the Children's Theatre is not for grown-ups, so why should I complain. But I did feel no interest in it and if I felt no interest then I should not want to take a child to it.

Alice Through the Looking Glass is a genuine attempt to put Lewis Carroll's masterpiece on the stage and Miss Nancy Price, who made such a success of *Alice in Wonderland* last year, has done a very able piece of work. *Alice Through the Looking Glass* is, however, much more difficult to bring to life than *Alice in Wonderland* and in some scenes, notably I think that of the train, the experiment did not come off; nor did I like the White King and Queen singing the Jabberwock Poem. On the other hand Miss May Hallatt's Red Queen was pure delight and I greatly enjoyed both Humpty Dumpty and Tweedledee and Tweedledum. Child-actresses are usually very tiresome, but Miss Ursula Hanray as Alice was unaffected and convincing. The scenery based on Tenniell's drawings and the costumes were charming; I particularly liked the group of plants with the haughty Tiger-lily. It must be difficult to compete with something like the film of *The Mutiny on the Bounty*, which will draw most of the children to it, but Drury Lane is a first-rate pantomime and *Alice Through the Looking Glass* should be a success with the smaller ones.

LEIGH ASHTON.

FILMS OF 1935

OF all the countless coils of celluloid that lured and lassoed the public into the anaesthetic depths of cinema-palaces last year, very few were worth the candle, let alone the projector. But why does one persist in judging such over-emphatic and transitory entertainment by serious standards? Even if all we want is to sink into a comfortable gulf of illusion and there gregariously to enjoy a private respite from reality, watching the pages of the screen's giant picture-book flick over for our benefit, it matters to some extent what spells we buy for our sixpences and half-crowns. Nine hundred million patients in this country treated themselves to this moonshine bath in 1934. Eighteen and a half million myth rays were sold each week!

The intelligent filmgoer—in whose existence we film-fans like to believe—sees, I suppose, on an average some hundred films a year. Of these, close on seventy will be American, twenty British, and the rest—to be found at those London embassies of Continental *film art*, the Curzon and the Academy—French, German or Austrian. The percentage of merit is pretty consistent, irrespective of nationality: say, three good films out of twenty. This means that, despite the increasingly rapid adolescence of the British film industry, America still provides most of the passable films most of the time—because Hollywood happens to excel in that taut type of comedy (or light-hearted melodrama) which is the screen's surest guarantee of an evening's pleasurable relaxation. And even in his own remote dream-world what Film Fan wants is security. Your serious film, however much more interesting, is less of a cinch. It has to be experimental.

Yet curiously enough the first notable film shown in London last year was a French picture directed by an Englishman and the last—if we except *Mutiny on the Bounty*, presented too late for review in this issue—an English film directed by a Frenchman. *Remous* dwelt with ponderous pathological emphasis on a honeymoon tragedy and the inevitable infidelity of a wife bound to a crippled husband; but it was emotionally valid cinema, not coy, noxious or silly, as were all the German and Austrian showings of 1935—*Episode*, *The Old and the Young King*, *Barcarole*—with the possible exception of *Der Schimmelreiter*, which was pretty but dull, and *Das Mädchen Johanna*, a nonsensical Nazi travesty of history, brilliantly acted. French films were not much better. But France at least produced one of the six truest pictures of the year, Duvivier's *La Bandera*; *Skylark*, a feeble film but an excellent joke; and *Son Autre Amour*, which for delicacy of theme and treatment would have made all other child-studies seem just a Shirley Temple romp, if the acting of Edith Fellowes in *She Married Her Boss* had not lifted that slight film into the $\beta +$ class. The finest individual performance of the year was Victor McLaglen's portrayal of the brutish, bewildered Gypo Nolan in *The Informer*, a film which, for all its minor defects, I should place in the first flight. Almost as impressive was Garbo's rediscovery of a talent long obscured by the glittering paraphernalia of stardom, in an otherwise deplorable film, *Anna Karenina*. Charles Laughton, as the emancipated butler Ruggles, and Edward G. Robinson, in the dual role of gangster and bank-clerk in another first-class film, *Passport to Fame*, also gave outstanding performances.

British pictures showed a marked artistic improvement last year; in descending order of merit, *The Clairvoyant*, *The 39 Steps*, *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, *Sanders of the River*, *Escape Me Never* were all good films, and two at least, *The Ghost Goes West* and *Turn of the Tide*, were among the best of the 1935 crop. The last-named film was what *Man of Aran* might have been, if it hadn't turned out to be Art and won a Prize.

A large number of the more typically American pictures were excellent entertainment: with *The Informer* and *Passport to Fame* tying for first place, well ahead of the rest, the second prize should, I think, go to any or each of the following: *Public Hero No. 1*, *Black Fury*, *Murder Man*, *Four Hours to Kill*, *Forsaking all Others*, *Strictly Confidential*; and a third award too might be divided between *The Perfect Week-end*, *No More Ladies*, *Trunk Murder*, *G-Men*, *Star of Midnight*, *Hands Across the Table*, and *Ruggles of Red Gap*.

But at the other end of the scale the profitable title of Big Black Sheep goes, almost without a doubt, to *The Crusades*—the doubt being provided by that other historical hiccup, *The Tunnel*. Next *The Dark Angel*, *The Devil was a Woman*, *Bolero* and *Mimi* head a long black-list of runners-up; this tails off into the third-rate commercial quality of such films as *Clive of India*, *Don Juan*, *Monte-Cristo*, and *Les Misérables*, and merges into the decent second-rate with *British Agent*, *David Copperfield*, *Becky Sharp*. Yet money-making films can be excellent, viz., *Bengal Lancer*, *One Night of Love* and, of course, *Top Hat*, the three big hits of the year.

In a costly little cemetery all of its own—far from the common grave into which we must unceremoniously fling *The Scoundrel*, by that subtle triumvirate, Hecht, MacArthur and Coward—let us reverently lay Reinhardt's midsummer nightmare, with the pious hope that none of its faerie ghosts other than Cagney's Bottom the Weaver will ever return to haunt Mr. Sidney Caroll. Nearby, while still on bone-strewn ground, we might pause to tussle with the problem of *Jazz Comedy*, that hearty Russian joke which caused a sharper division of opinions than any other film this year. Those who swear by polished American standards of filmcraft objected strongly to its incompetence, its lumbering quaintness, its misplaced gusto. Why I cannot conceive. It was—not forgetting *The Ghost Goes West*—the funniest film we saw last year: it was spry, surprising, infantile and delightful. One critic considered it "the best thing that has happened to the cinema since René Clair produced *The Italian Straw Hat*"; but the trouble here seems to be that for all the effect it will have on subsequent films it might never have happened at all, except in so far as it had, in fact, happened already—way back in the days of Mack Sennett, to whose custard-pie recipe it added little more than a *soupçon* of Lubitsch. But that a film so obviously intended for the simple-hearted should have caused acute bickering among highbrows is a joke its director would keenly appreciate.

Looking ahead, there are interesting *Things to Come*, Chaplin in the ever-receding *Modern Times*, the Brothers Marx enjoying *A Night at the Opera*, and William Powell in *Rendezvous*. 1936 promises well.

JOHN MARKS

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Impresario from Smyrna"

Whatever Goldoni's importance in the history of the Italian theatre, it is hard to find much intrinsic entertainment at this time of day in this simple-hearted little joke, presented at the Westminster by the Group Theatre in a translation by Clifford Bax. "Period" elegance and style are, of course, not lacking, and it is amusing to discover that the jealousies, vanities and mendacities of opera-singers in competition have changed very little down the centuries. But there is still not enough material to keep the evening interesting, and the completely "flat" and static characterisation soon exhausts its appeal. Mr. Morland Graham as the Turkish impresario contrives to be distinctive, but the rest of the cast can never hope to be more than piquant at moments. A modernised harlequinade of some ingenuity follows the piece, contriving to mix slapstick and satire with moderate success; but here the atmosphere of pastiche is really more oppressive than helpful to the players.

The Markova-Dolin Ballet at the Duke of York's

Miss Markova and Mr. Dolin deserve to be judged by the highest standards, although they are our compatriots. Their technique is admirable; Miss Markova has a rare steadiness and precision, and Mr. Dolin executes the most difficult movements with the valuable appearance of ease. The subsidiary dancers and the *corps de ballet* are reasonably good. And yet we could not, with the best will in the world, find the opening programme of their season very interesting. The orchestra was inadequate both in size and performance, and the stage was too small for the ambitious works selected. *Swan Lake* requires every luxury of decor and lighting to make it acceptable, and as here given seemed merely dowdy. *Casse Noisette* had been fitted with remarkably pretty clothes and scenery by Mr. William Chappell, but it also failed to excite. These old ballets with their rather uncharacterised choreography demand not only virtuosity but personality from the chief dancers. The most enjoyable part of the programme was *Show Folk*, though neither Miss Markova nor Mr. Dolin appeared in it. This is not a ballet we should ever wish to see again, but it is a gay little affair which would not be out of place in a revue. Miss Susan Salaman who designed both choreography and decor made some highly amusing business with a learned pig, admirably danced. The music was Offenbach and very pleasant, though the deliberately inappropriate use of the *Barcarole* seemed to us a very poor sort of joke. Altogether the evening's entertainment proved once more that technique is not enough. The most accomplished dancers require an equally accomplished impresario to make their skill effective in the theatre.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, January 4th—

Robert Mayer Concert for Children, Central Hall, Westminster, 11.
The Serre Trio, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.
Alick West on "Art Under Dictatorship," 4 Meard St. (off Dean St., Soho), 3.
National Folk Dance Festival, Albert Hall, 8.15.

SUNDAY, January 5th—

Prof. G. E. G. Catlin on "Has Liberalism a Future?" Conway Hall, 11.
Miss Mora Ashley on "Russia 1935: Impressions and Developments." Oliver Goldsmith School, Peckham Road, 7.
R. Page Arnot on "Survey of Foreign Policy," Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, 7.30.
"Repayment," Arts Theatre.

TUESDAY, January 7th—

A. Ruth Fry on "Force: Physical or Spiritual," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
P. R. Kimber on "Sexual Reform Within the Law," Transport Hall, Smith Square, 8.

WEDNESDAY, January 8th—

"Victoria Regina," Bois Theatre, Chesham Bois.
Aldous Huxley on "The Nature and Limitations of the Influence of Books on Their Readers," Conway Hall, 8.

THURSDAY, January 9th—

R. Gessner on "Theory and Practice of Economic Planning," Morley College, 7.30.
"To-night at 8.30," Phoenix Theatre.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

IN *Byron, the Years of Fame* (Faber, 15s.), Mr. Quennell says very truly:

> Byron's view of poetry, and of his own function as a poet, was very similar to that of the huge middle-class public for whom he catered,

and he adds elsewhere:

> and there is no doubt that his example did much to relax poetic standards and had a share in the general decline of taste that became manifest in the course of the nineteenth century.

In another passage he points out that both Byron and Wilde courted disaster. The comparison between the two men might have been pushed further, for there is more in common between them than the "instinct for self-destruction." Both Byron and Wilde were most completely themselves when they abandoned themselves to a pose; their literary affectations far outweigh their literary gifts, and each of them degraded literature by making a spurious appreciation of it fashionable. Neither had much genuine aesthetic understanding, but, in fairness to Wilde, it must be admitted that he had more. Even Whistler was hardly as severe on him as Mr. Quennell is on Byron:

> Few writers have had less general aesthetic sensibility. As a critic of modern literature Byron's limitations may be gauged by the fact that he preferred Rogers, most insipid of versifiers, to Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Keats, and that he had a considerable regard for the productions of Mrs. Hemans. For "Johnny Keats's p-ss a bed poetry" the friend and admirer of Moore, Rogers and Scott had a special abhorrence. . . . Keats he declared was a miserable self-polluter of the Human mind, his verse drivelling idiotism! . . .

In another place Byron described *Endymion* as a versified Lemprière's Dictionary. It is, I think, doubtful whether such violent abuse of works of art is *ever* explicable by mere brute insensibility; there are obvious reasons why so vain and so vulgar a poet as Byron should abuse Keats for Cockney vulgarity. And Mr. Quennell points out that while "Keats's vulgarity was of the surface—a symptom of extreme sensitiveness and immaturity, of his openness to each impression that came his way—Byron's criticism was often vulgar because his range was small." Keats, very near his death and suffering from the combined effects of a storm lasting nearly thirty hours in the Bay of Biscay, and of reading Byron's verse, hit the nail on the head when he threw the book across the cabin and exclaimed to Severn:

> This is a paltry originality . . . yet it will fascinate thousands. . . . Byron's perverted education makes him assume to feel, and try to impart to others, those depraved sensations which the want of education excites in many.

* * *

I most strongly advise everyone who has read Mr. Quennell's book with the interest and pleasure that I have done, to read *The Letters of John Keats*, second revised edition with additional letters, edited by Maurice Buxton-Forman (Oxford, 12s. 6d), while he still has the picture of Byron, and his London setting, fresh in his mind. The two books illuminate each other and the attitude of society to literature and art. For while everything in Byron was false, and his immense success depended almost entirely upon falsity, everything in Keats was fresh. It was this freshness that struck the fashionable critics as vulgar; it shows itself in its most enchanting form in those famous letters in which he breaks from a gay description or a bit of criticism into a lyric. For example, in the long letter, No. 94, to his brother George in America, he mentions Napoleon:

> I cannot but think he has done more harm to the life of liberty than anyone else could have done: not that the divine right Gentlemen have done or intend to do any good. The worst thing he has done is that he has taught them how to organise their monstrous armies.

Then he throws out that he doesn't believe America will develop the human intellect where England left off since "the Humanity of the United States can never reach the sublime," and gives the subject a personal twist by the prayer that one of his brother's children should be the first American poet, from which he breaks into the most moving lullaby in English:

> Though the Rushes that will make
> Its cradle still are in the lake:
> Though the linnen then that will be
> Its swathe is on the cotton tree:
> Though the wollen that will keep
> It warm, is on the silly sheep;
> Listen star light, listen, listen,
> Glisten, glisten, glisten, glisten
> And hear my lullaby!

A poem that goes on to tell how the baby puts its hand into the flaming lyre that hangs over the cradle top and paddles a little tune.

* * *

There are ten new letters in this edition and minor corrections have been made possible in many others by reference to hitherto inaccessible originals. The most important of the new letters are two written at the beginning of his Scottish tour and a roaring, tearing, high-spirited one to his friend and admirer Woodhouse. Mr. Buxton-Forman prints also—and I cannot help thinking it a rather injudicious signpost for the fabricator—a list of all the letters which Keats is known to have written and which may conceivably turn up. He includes in his footnotes a large number of important letters to Keats from Haydon, Shelley, Brown, etc., which are essential to an understanding of the allusions in Keats's own letters, as well as a large number of admirable footnotes. The volume is therefore a pleasure to read and to handle, though, like so many books from the Oxford University Press, it would be easier to read if there was a trace more leading between the lines. The difference, however, between this and the wretchedly printed Gowans and Gray edition that I have been accustomed to, is immense.

* * *

The early letters are those of a young medical student who continually reveals his immaturity; the late ones, after tuberculosis became pronounced, show an equally terrible change in his state of mind. The extreme bitterness of these later letters was due to obvious causes. He had been trained as a surgeon; he was dying and he had seen his brother die of the same disease. He was desperately in love and he knew that if he had not been going to die he would have become one of the great poets of the world. Those who are facing death in similar circumstances might perhaps make interesting comments. Other people will not feel encouraged by Swinburne's example to give voice to any opinion:

> Neither his love-letters, nor the last piteous outcries of his wailing and shrieking agony, would ever have been made public by merciful editors, we must also admit that if they ought never to have been published, it is no less certain that they ought never to have been written; that a manful kind of man, or even a manly sort of boy, in his love-making or in his suffering, will not howl and snivel after such a lamentable a fashion.

That is the kind of criticism that makes silence seem to be pure gold.

* * *

The bacillus which caused the agony of the later letters (and aroused so much manliness on Putney Hill) was, however, responsible, I suppose, for that feverish love of life which comes out in almost every line in the letters of the preceding years. The literature of the world is full of the consumptive's passionate love of the external beauty of the world. Stephen Crane, Richard Jefferies, D. H. Lawrence and Tchehov are four examples chosen at random—but it has seldom been more perfectly expressed than in such a sentence as:

> The setting sun will always set me to rights—or if a sparrow comes before my window I take part in its existence and pick about the Gravel.

The same emotion is more completely expressed in the wonderful letter to his brother and his sister-in-law (No. 123):

> This it is that makes the Amusement of Life—to a speculative Mind. I go among the Fields and catch a glimpse of a Stoat or a fieldmouse peeping out of the withered grass—the creature hath a

purpose and its eyes are bright with it. I go amongst the buildings of a city and see a Man hurrying along—to what? The creature has a purpose and his eyes are bright with it.

We cannot know how far the early stages of consumption heightened that delight in the outside world which is perhaps the chief charm in Keats's letters. His playfulness and humour have something of Tchehov—as when he felt the old cat's pulse to see why she visited him—something of Shakespeare when he found in Scotland:

that fourscore
was as eighty,
that a door
was as wooden
as in England.

In a thousand and one passages the same charm flashes out.

* * *

Reading Keats's letters after reading about Byron cleanses the spirit. If the achievement and success of *Childe Harold* or *The Corsair* represented poetry it would be better to be illiterate and to grub about in the flower garden or watch the bright eyes of stoat or fieldmouse. And it furnishes a moral and a New Year's Resolution:

Never be led away by being in the fashion, or in "the movement." Suspect any sort of social success in literature or art. Never think worse of a writer because he is unfashionable. Nineteen thirty-six is no better than nineteen twenty-six or nineteen forty-six. Use your own organs of perception and with great luck you may make as obvious a discovery as that Keats was a poet and Rogers wasn't.

DAVID GARNETT

ROBESPIERRE

Robespierre. By J. M. THOMPSON. *Blackwell.* Two vols. 24s.

Historically and biographically Mr. Thompson has written the best book about Robespierre in the English language, probably in any language. It is the best because, first, it gives the evidence, "the facts," plainly, fully, documented. There must be very little knowable about Robespierre which Mr. Thompson has not ferreted out; he investigates with scrupulous fidelity even the more unimportant facts; and he never rejects or accepts evidence without giving his reasons. In this sifting and weighing of evidence, so important for the historian and biographer, he shows good judgment and an admirable habit of preferring common sense to theory or prejudice. One does not always agree with his historical and, still more perhaps, with his psychological interpretations, but they are possible, interesting, and intelligent.

Anyone with even a small knowledge of the literature dealing with Robespierre must be well aware that there was room for a book like this, based upon thorough and unbiased investigation of facts and documents, but that it would be a terribly long and difficult task. The need for it and difficulty of it become still more evident in Mr. Thompson's introduction, by no means the least interesting part of his book, which is in fact a chronological and critical bibliography. Here one sees what a vast mountain of books overlay the life and death of Robespierre and how this mountain of books is also mainly a mountain of political and historical propaganda. For nearly one hundred years the French Revolution remained so much a part of contemporary politics that its history was practically never written objectively; it was political progaganda and more often than not dishonest propaganda. It was only when Aulard began his great work that even the materials for objective judgment were disinterred from the pseudo-historical deposits of over a century. There were two reasons why Robespierre suffered more than any other of the great revolutionary figures from this stratification. He was the last and most sinister of the great revolutionaries; he stood for the world as the embodiment of Jacobinism and the Terror. It was therefore inevitable that for at least thirty years after his death he remained a legend, a symbolic monster of historical iniquity. When the reaction to reaction at last came, he reappears either as a moral lesson in Michelet or a saint in Hamel. The conscientious biographer has, in fact, to disinter him bone by bone from history and rearticulate them into a biographical skeleton.

But the second and even greater difficulty then faces him—once more to breathe life into this biographical skeleton. There is no character in history whose psychology is more difficult to understand than that of Robespierre. Compare him in this respect with the other revolutionaries. There are facts which are doubtful, motives which one feels are disputable, details difficult to interpret in the lives of Mirabeau, Danton, Marat, Napoleon, even in the lesser lights or darknesses such as Fouché, Dumouriez, or Roland. But in broad outline the character of each of these men is understandable; one feels that one knows what they were at, why they acted, what they were thinking, much as one knows the thoughts and motives of friends or acquaintances. But with Robespierre the more one knows about him, the less one seems able to understand him. His psychological inconsistencies are so fundamental that they seem to baffle all interpretation. Mr. Thompson, by increasing our knowledge, seems only to increase the mystery, and his attempt to explain Robespierre's psychology is the only unsatisfactory part of his book.

Up to a point we can accept Mr. Thompson's picture of the man. Robespierre was a man of the highest principles; kindly, courteous, humane; reserved and terribly rigid. Here was a man, one felt, who had all the virtues and none of the charms and graces. His mind was highly intelligent, quick and subtle. Robespierre was only thirty-one years old when the Revolution began. His cold, reserved, upright mind was fired with passion, passion for the principles of the Revolution, for liberty, equality and social humanity. It turned him into a great orator, a revolutionary leader, the very embodiment, as Mr. Thompson says, of the Revolution. And now for the mystery. Robespierre was guillotined in July, 1794, at the age of thirty-six. In five years the passionate lover of liberty had become a dictator, and a dictator who seemed determined to maintain himself in power without pity or scruple of any kind. The anti-war politician was now a bellicose and belligerent statesman issuing orders to the army to give no quarter to English troops. The humane man who was on principle against the death penalty was now the man who had sent to the guillotine first his enemies, then his friends, and in the end hundreds of innocent people. The difficulty of understanding Robespierre's psychology lies in the fact that throughout he seems to have remained, as Mr. Thompson says, the incorruptible, the firm believer in those principles of which his acts were a horrible contradiction. One thinks naturally of Herr Hitler and the cold-blooded massacre of his "friends." But you have only to read *Mein Kampf* and Herr Hitler's speeches to see that the psychological explanation of his blood-baths with which he "cleans up" Germany or the National-Socialist party are contained in them. Here is a normal pathological case of sadism. But read Robespierre's "great speech" in the Convention on Feburary 5th, 1794, the prelude to his massacre of Danton and his fellow-Jacobins. There is no hint of sadism here, but knowing what is to come, a shudder goes down the back when we hear him say: "We desire an order of things in which all base and cruel feelings are suppressed, and all beneficent and generous sentiments evoked by the laws; . . . in which the citizen obeys the magistrate, the magistrate the people, and the people the rule of justice; in which the country guarantees the well-being of every citizen, and every citizen is proud to share in the glory and prosperity of the country." Mr. Thompson here throws up the psychological sponge, and with it the biographical. He says that the "inconsistency between an almost Christian ideal of society and a programme of political terrorism had ceased to be apparent to Robespierre" and cannot be explained. This may perhaps be true and it may also be true that the historian need not explain it. But what about the biographer?

LEONARD WOOLF

MARROT'S GALSWORTHY

The Life and Letters of John Galsworthy. By H. V. MARROT. *Heinemann.* 21s.

All who, in the company of Gilbert Murray, Granville Barker, Masefield and my unworthy self, loved Galsworthy's work, will love this book on him. Those who shared the late Mr. D. H. Lawrence's misfortune of being "nauseated up to the teeth" by his novels will regard it as rubbish. Others, again, of cooler judgment will say: "A nice book about a nice man, but why so much of it?" and others again: "A nasty book about a nasty man, fie for shame!" The only English novelist whom all English novelists admire is Fielding; and he is more admired than read. The novelist most read is Dickens, whom Arnold Bennett wrote against almost with contumely. Galsworthy

acknowledged his superiority in these handsome terms: "I never tire of standing by the roadside with a very humble hat in hand, to see his gallant and great spirit ride past."

Dickens was a literary engine of genius who, when overdriven, loosed from his exhaust black wastes of balderdash. Galsworthy was a sober writer, seldom touching exaltation, but never absurdly bad, unless in his inability to keep his humour above facetiousness. Omitting his first book, which (though Conrad asserted that Hueffer "fell in love with" it) seems poor promise for any major writer's future, but not his second, *Jocelyn*, which, however thin in texture, adds sensitive touches to a courageous design, Galsworthy's output through more than thirty working years keeps an unusually high standard—unattainably high perhaps for any writer writing for his living.

I do not think that handicapped as was Dickens or H. G. Wells (to name the author who seems to me the most important of Galsworthy's contemporaries), he would ever have been heard of as a man of letters, though assuredly he must have won his way to a high place in whatever vocation destiny had called him. Had he met Miss Ada Cooper, the doctor's daughter of Norwich, in familiar circumstances so long back as 1890, when she was twenty-four and he nine months younger, I dare swear he would have ended as Mr. Baldwin's Lord Chancellor. On many counts these two Harrovians might be allocated to the same category: Liberal in sentiment, Conservative of temperament; in no way radical: humane and honourable, but staunchly illogical: typical English gentlemen—not aristocrats, who are as often haughty good-for-nothings as truly noble men—but the flower of the cultured upper middle-classes, still conscious and unashamed of their roots in the commons. But John Galsworthy did not meet Ada Cooper until she was already the unhappy wife of another man, and had to serve for her many bitter years before she became Mrs. John Galsworthy. Meanwhile she had robbed him of the possibility of becoming a Baldwin enthroned on a woolsack, to make him instead the heir to the literary prestige of Thackeray. She inspired him to the pursuit of art and the championship of the unlucky.

It was his own higher burgess class that Galsworthy painted as brightly and roundly as Franz Hals painted the corresponding class in the Netherlands three hundred years ago. It seems to me that he was less successful in painting the classes above or below that into which he was born; though he spared no pains to study them from outside, they were not in his blood. Hard and long he worked at *The Patrician* and Mr. Marrot quotes from his diary of Christmas Day, 1910:

> This book was begun in June of 1909 . . . since it was finished in the rough on Aug. 18 there has been much polishing, addition, and rewriting. . . . On the whole, I think it may be the best of my novels, though it has not the solid fatal gait of *The Man of Property*; nor the haunt of *Fraternity*; nor the freshness of *Villa Rubein*; nor the ironic charm of *The Country House*. It has more beauty than any of them, and the main figures stand out clearer. The book discloses me finally as an impressionist working with a realistic or naturalistic technique. Whereas Wells is a realist working with an impressionistic technique, Bennett a realist with a realistic technique, Conrad an impressionist with a semi-impressionistic, semi-naturalistic technique, and Forster an impressionist with a realistically impressionistic technique.

Mr. Marrot praises this last passage as "surely extremely interesting and acute." Some will find it a trifle too like the conversation of Polonius.

Many, including Mr. Masefield, seem to have agreed with Galsworthy that *The Patrician* ranked with his very best work, but I am with Edward Garnett in saying no. The correspondence between the two on the subject of this book is deeply interesting and very creditable to both parties. As a literary exercise I can admire *The Patrician*, but as a study of English society it seems to me unconvincing. Of course, Galsworthy can draw delightful grandees, but so could Samuel Richardson, who never shook hands with one of them in his life. As Stevenson said of Richardson's landed gentry, Galsworthy's patricians "more than pass muster, they excel; they have a gallant, a conspicuous carriage; they roll into the book, four-in-hand, in gracious attitudes." Yet, though they may convince pedestrians of their reality, I cannot think they are real to one another. I believe in them even less than I do in George Meredith's galaxy of high-born amazons. They seem to me to present only profiles for our admiration.

It is the privilege of a nobleman to be visibly idle without offending our sense of decency, on the condition that if he should be moved to do anything it must be done superbly well, or alternatively he may perish in its execution. Thus in battle all others must make way for him to be killed first: it is proper to save him from discomfort, but impertinent to come between him and death. ". . . Gentlemen of England, be so amiable as to fire first"—that is the style of patrician speech. Galsworthy could not imagine a courtesy transcending common sense while covering perhaps a multitude of iniquities. While tolerably observant of those with whom he came in contact, he was sublimely ignorant of history. In fact, few bookmen of his well-deserved fame have been less interested in books. I still remember the shock I shared with Mr. Ernest Rhys and Mr. Ellis Roberts when as a P.E.N. Club committee appointed to recommend to the League of Nations, English masterpieces suitable for world-wide translation, he headed our list with *Mr. Midshipman Easy*. It is true that Conrad affected to share Galsworthy's admiration for Marryat, but that was part of the Polish author's somewhat superficial camouflage as a ranting and roaring British sailor. For myself, I can still enjoy *Peter Simple*, but I should be surprised to learn that Marryat is read with avidity even by that huge proportion of his fellow Britishers whose vernacular is Tamil or Pushtu.

There are other difficulties about *The Patrician*. Disraeli's nobility could be howling cads, but they were, so to speak, pukka Debrettians; and further, had he chosen for hero a theocratic peer, he would have made him sweat Tertullian and Chrysostom from every pore. Galsworthy's Lord Miltoun would not know Ambrose from Arius; one may doubt whether he had ever even yawned his way through *John Inglesant*: he certainly could not have checked the mistakes in it. Admirable as are Galsworthy's churchmen in appearance, one suspects that their creator had no conception of any dogmatic ideas beyond the Ten Commandments and perhaps the doctrine of the Atonement. For him the Church, whether of Canterbury or Rome, was mainly a conspiracy for the putting of sex in a strait-waistcoat. His priests are at worst uxorious: they are never lechers or even winebibbers.

His fame as a publicist mainly depends upon his magnificent rhetoric in defence of the poor and oppressed. Mr. Marrot lets us see, though he does not paint in detail, the turn-over from the man of twenty-five who thought bird-killing the greatest possible pleasure, to him of fifty who trembled at the thought of treading on a beetle. As for refusing a beggar, however obvious an impostor, it could not be done. Galsworthy's charity was so profound that it swamped his judgment. It was almost a pathological condition, even as Mr. Shaw's passion for debating-points. It was based on the delusion that because a thousand workmen could do a thousand times the task of one workman, therefore a thousand sufferers multiplied a thousand times the agony of one sufferer.

If I may seem to have written in a somewhat downright and cocksure manner of a great writer in this little article, let me offer as excuse, that Galsworthy himself, knowing my affection and admiration, desired long, long ago that I should undertake a full-length study of him. But, after some years' analysis of the *Forsyte Saga*, during which Soames became an obsession not to be got rid of by day or night, the intending publishers wearied of my slowness and wrote me a saucy letter. And that was the end of that. In the improbable event of my living another ten years, I may hope to finish my book; but it can never pretend now to be anything more than a footnote to Marrot's *Galsworthy*.

CONAL O'RIORDAN

RADICALISM

English Radicalism, 1832-52. By S. MACCOBY. *Allen and Unwin.* 16*s*.

Mr. Maccoby's book is not entirely felicitous in its arrangement; and there is a certain dull stolidity in his style which does not make it easy reading. But, in compensation for these defects, he has given us a great mass of new material for the period with which he deals. It is probably too much to say that he will alter its accepted canon; that would need a full history of these twenty years written from the angle of his own interests and sympathies. Yet his account, even so far as it goes, is both full enough, and new enough, to make one see that the conventional account of this period needs very definitely to be rewritten on wider foundations. No one henceforth will be able to deal with it without taking account of Mr. Maccoby's narrative.

He has written a description of a movement which failed. Yet no one who watches the way in which the movements of this time were analysed by the Radicals can fail to see that, in many ways, their insights were deeper than those of the men by whom they

were defeated. On municipal reform, on the poor law, on the inadequacy of the Whig attitude to social innovation, on the empire, on foreign affairs, they were, from a long-term view, much more right than those they fought. Mr. Maccoby has collected from speeches, pamphlets and those journals which few scholars have had the patience to go through in their portentous massiveness, an illuminating picture of a social attitude which, regarded as unworthy of respect in its own day, in large degree sets the criteria of our own. What emerges from his account is, above all, the incompleteness of the reforms inaugurated by the Whig triumph of 1832. They touched only the outer breastworks of the structure of corruption which nineteenth-century England inherited from its predecessor; and, roughly, it may be said that, until Gladstone's first premiership, the governing classes had little effective realisation of how inadequate their work had been.

The whole story of these years makes one realise, more profoundly than ever, the remarkable insight of Disraeli's *Sybil*. This is an England whose principles are hardly intelligible to those who are familiar with the age from the speeches of Peel and Russell, of Palmerston and Lord Melbourne. Yet the Radicals never exercised an influence on their epoch either comparable with their following in the country or even with their representation in the House of Commons. What was the reason for this?

Mr. Maccoby assigns it to absence of leadership, on the one hand, and to defective organisation on the other. Both explanations have truth in them; but it is difficult to feel that they are the whole truth. Indispensable ideas usually find the right leader for their expression; and party organisation usually emerges when men are certain of their goal. The fact seems to be that the Radical ideology of this period has no such inner unity about it as will produce the fighting unity of a coherent party. One cannot make a creed from doctrines as various as the medievalism of Cobbett, the economic philosophy of Cobden and Bright, the Tory democracy of Oastler and the neo-Bolshevism of Bronterre O'Brien. One cannot, particularly, do that in the era of expanding capitalism. There was not, as in our own day, the common perception of common problems to give a single attitude an outstanding claim upon the attention of men. Trade Unionism was too immature, the hold of religious faith too strong, the sense of the State too weak, for organisation to be possible on that scale which puts a party in office. We are dealing, in short, with a period in which the governing classes, for all their tremors, were never in serious danger of losing their power once the Reform Act was on the Statute Book. They abused it shamefully; but they dealt with a generation which took abuse of power as being in the inescapable constitution of things. It needed another thirty years for Radical opinion to become conscious of its right to be more than a permanent gadfly to those in office.

The reader of Mr. Maccoby's book will find a mass of new information upon most of the outstanding issues of the time. But it is worth while to draw particular attention to his very interesting chapters on religion and the family, on local government, and on the press. On all these, he has formulated approaches which it would be well worth while to explore in greater detail. His flair for the apposite quotation is remarkable. It will be of the highest interest to read the later volumes of this work. They should lead to discoveries of first-rate importance.

H. J. LASKI

ENGLISH CAROLS

The Early English Carols. Edited by RICHARD LEIGHTON GREENE. *Oxford University Press.* 30s.

The bulk of this book is rightly claimed by the publishers as forming a *corpus* of early English carols, or all Middle and Early Modern English lyrics up to 1550 which can be described as such: and thus it will be a valuable work of reference to specialists and students in this field: but to the ordinary reader there are two questions that require a reply; (1) what is a carol? and (2) is there a folk element in the carol, and if so, to what extent?

To the first, Mr. Greene presents an answer which, however technically correct, will a little disappoint the non-specialist: a carol, at any rate before 1550, is "a song on any subject, composed of uniform stanzas and provided with a burden." This rules out many carols which we know and prize to-day—it admits "The First Nowell" but excludes "Good King Wenceslas": on the other hand it allows Mr. Greene to give us the text of many delightful poems on mundane subjects, in which the praise of ale, and the course of love fortunate and unfortunate, play a merry part. More will be said of these later.

Mr. Greene answers the second question more favourably and it seems more reasonably than the most recent editor of the largest printed collection of carols which has come down to us from the sixteenth century—Kele's "Christmas carolles newly imprinted." This editor (Mr. Bliss Rede) has decided against any folk origin for the carol: but "The Holly and the Ivy," familiar to all modern children, has persisted in oral tradition to our own time. There is another, the "Corpus Christi Carol," described by Mr. Greene as "the only piece written in carol form in a manuscript earlier than 1550 of which I have found a traditional version recorded by collectors of folk-song": this (of which popular versions—naturally much modified—have been found in North Staffordshire, Derbyshire and even in Scotland) is of such haunting beauty that it is worth quoting at length in its original form, from a manuscript (early sixteenth century) at Balliol College, Oxford. (The knight is the wounded Keeper of the Grail, typifying the sacrifice in the Mass.)

Burden. Lully, lulley; lully, lulley;
The fawcon hath born my mak [mate] away.

He bare him up, he bare him down;
He bare him into an orchard brown.
Lully.

In that orchard there was an hall,
That was hangid with purpill and pall.
Lully.

And in that hall ther was a bede;
Hit was hangid with gold so rede.
Lully.

And in that bede ther lythe a knyght,
His woundes bledying day and nyght.
Lully.

By that bedes side ther kneleth a may,
And she wepyth both nyght and day.
Lully.

And by that beddes side ther stondeth a ston,
"Corpus Christi" wretyn theron.
Lully.

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Mr. Greene contends with much probability that just as Wesley "would not let the devil have the best tunes," so the preaching friars endeavoured, not unsuccessfully, to turn to religious use secular and even ribald songs and roundelays. His argument is somewhat technical, and needs close attention, being concerned also with the macaronic character of many of the early carols, which have as refrains Latin lines from well-known parts of the Church service, or hymns in frequent use.

Mr. Greene has printed a surprising number of secular carols: satirical, on women (some chivalrous—and charming—some captious and cynical), on marriage, on childhood, convivial, picaresque, on ale and on hunting, and even nonsense carols. Among his nearly five hundred texts there are twenty or so which are previously unpublished, and this notice, thanking him for a tremendous piece of work well done, may fitly conclude with one of frivolous type, a fifteenth century piece from a manuscript at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge: a lover humorously consoling himself for the loss of the object of his affections. Of the unfamiliar words, *pyne* is easily recognisable as what we now pronounce *pain*, and *dole* and *bale* are the substantives of which our common adjectives "doleful" and "baleful" are compounded:

Burden. Care away, away, away,
Mourning away!
I am forsake, another is take,
No more mourn I may.

I am sorry for her sake;
I may well eat and drink:
When I sleep I may not wake
So much on her I think!
Care away.

I am brought in such a bale
And brought in such a pyne,
When I rise up off my bed
Me listë well to dine!
Care away.

I am brought in such a pyne,
Y-brought in such a bale,
When I have right good wine,
Me listë drink none ale!

STEPHEN GASELEE

SUBURBS AND SAVAGES

Anthropological Report on a London Suburb. By PROFESSOR VLADIMIR CHERNICHEWSKI, the Eminent Scientist. Edited by CHARLES DUFF. *Grayson.* 2s. 6d.

Two or three years ago Mr. Charles Duff wrote a small Handbook on Hanging which various reviewers—as we are reminded on the wrapper—compared to the work of De Quincey, Swift, Fielding, Defoe and Bernard Shaw. This raises expectations of wit, rhetoric, satire, burlesque and irony; and so does the introduction, in which Mr. Duff informs us that "the notes which follow" were handed to him by the eminent professor just before he left to prepare "for his forthcoming anthropological expedition to the Island of Capri. . . . He looked upon us all in Hamperleywood," adds Mr. Duff, "as if we were primitive inhabitants of a Polynesian island which he was studying." But unfortunately he doesn't; and unfortunately no fierce indignation inspires Mr. Duff in these scanty notes on his chosen or perhaps synthetic suburb; no high-powered emotion of any kind drives him to conceal behind an affectation of science either the hatred of a Swift or the loving contempt of an Anatole France: this Report seems to issue only from an accumulated dislike of many years, which prevents him from giving any systematic account of the objects of his dislike. And Professor Chernichewski does not keep up very long the attitude of the anthropologist even if he ever attains it. It soon becomes obvious that we are not reading the Professor's notes edited by Mr. Duff, but the random impressions of Charles Duff rarely and erratically touched up by Professor Chernichewski: as when he suddenly informs us in a footnote that mild-and-bitter is "a mixture of mild ale and bitter beer, wholesome and savoury," which is rather unnecessary, as he has already assumed that we know the nature of a public-house. Mr. Duff never presents the Olympian outsideness and ingenuousness of the true anthropologist but rather the boredom with which a Polynesian native, semi-civilised into self-consciousness, must regard the pattern of his own island culture.

He writes about birth as an "important financial event"; notes that "marriage, like birth and death, is an expensive business in Hamperleywood"; reviews the preparatory school kept by Captain Frost and Mr. Footle; turns back to the expensiveness of dying, the tombstone racket, and the lapidary custom of indiscriminate praise. Then a few pages about season tickets, the absence of books, about parties and church-going, written with some carelessness of style and of attack, are followed by a conversation with a Bank Manager on the Abundance of Goods, which is much more interesting because here Mr. Duff is evidently inspired by a burning belief in Social Credit. Next come further notes on the standardisation of gardens and dress, on the medical magic of the doctors, on the autobiography of a successful resident, and on a garage proprietor who tried and abandoned local politics: "He had gone into local politics to obtain a contract and, as he had failed, local politics had no further interest for him. This spirit of honesty pervades local politics in Hamperleywood." That's the style! If only Mr. Duff could keep that up, or even come near that level more than once or twice in sixty-six pages! But he now gives us a short appendix on amateur theatricals and a table of social precedence and a tantalising list of the subjects he would like to deal with if he had time, and frankly abandons the anthropological pretence: "the morals of such a community as Hamperleywood are difficult to assess; for the most part they are based on what my old friend, Vanoc II, aptly calls 'the cash nexus.'"

But are they so difficult to assess? Has Mr. Duff forgotten that there are islands in Polynesia where "theft and adultery are the object of the valued charms of the valued men of the community?" How do the customs of the adolescents of Hamperleywood with regard to Walking Out and Going to the Pictures compare with those of the Kwakliutl Indians or the Polynesians of the Dobu Islands, where "a convention of speech refers to the pre-nuptial courtship as chaste, though the dance-songs that dramatise it are full of explicit passion." And how is a young male of Hamperleywood finally trapped into marriage? In Dobu the girl's mother bars the door of the hut one morning if he is still there, and he has to come out sheepishly with the girl and "the villagers stare at them for half-an-hour and gradually disperse, nothing more; the couple are formally betrothed." Mr. Duff, with all his inside information, might have studied with closer attention the works of his fellow-anthropologists, Miss Ruth (*Patterns of Culture*) Benedict and Professor Malinowski. They may yet inspire him to return to Hamperleywood, where much remains to be done. JOHN MAVROGORDATO

PEACE AND WAR IN ABYSSINIA

A History of Abyssinia. By A. H. M. JONES and ELIZABETH MONROE. *Oxford University Press.* 6s.

Eight Years In Abyssinia. By FAN C. DUNCKLEY. *Hutchinson.* 8s. 6d.

War Over Ethiopia. By WILLIAM J. MAKIN. *Jarrolds.* 18s.

Here are three more books about Abyssinia. The first is a competent and comprehensive history. It begins with the legend of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba and ends with the outbreak of the present war. For the earlier periods—the establishment of Christianity, the Dark and the Middle Ages, the episode of Prester John, the invasions or missions of Moslems, Portuguese and Jesuits, and the collapse of the monarchy in the eighteenth century—Mr. Jones is responsible. The later struggles—first among the great chiefs and then between the Emperors and greedy foreign Powers—are described by Miss Monroe. The authors apologise for the compression and omissions which have been necessary in order to pack all this into less than 200 pages; but the general reader, who wants a clear outline with a reasonable amount of detail, will be grateful for the skill with which they have done their work.

Mrs. Dunckley makes no pretension to historical scholarship, and she is not a literary stylist. But as the wife of a man who was engaged in business in Addis Ababa and was also Reuter's correspondent, she acquired, during her long residence there, a considerable knowledge of men and things. She might have known even more if she had been able to talk with the people in their own tongue. She would not learn Amharic, she tells us with engaging candour, because she considers that less respect is paid by Abyssinians to white ladies who can speak their language. Her rather simple and gossipy account, written with zest and humour, is very entertaining. She touches on many matters—climate, fauna and flora, food and drink, money, trade, religion, manners and customs of both the beastly and the agreeable sort. Most of what she has to say concerns the capital and its neigh-

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bourhood, and her personal experiences—with houses, gardens servants, horses, motor-cars, and so on—bulk large in her pages. She likes the Abyssinians, though she is fully alive to their faults, and she expresses, in even plainer language than does Miss Monroe, her own—and all decent people's—feelings about Mussolini's outrage.

Those who want stuff to make their flesh creep will find plenty of it in *War Over Ethiopia*. Mr. Makin has travelled much in Africa; he was in Addis Ababa with the Duke of Gloucester's party at the Emperor's coronation in 1930; and he has many interesting things to say on many subjects. He would be more convincing if he wrote less sensationally. No doubt his picture of the horrors of Ethiopia (even including the hyaenas who eat the Abyssinians alive when they are drunk) is substantially true; but the colours are very lurid in places. Nor is he always accurate in his statements. The "aristocratic Amhari caste" is the sort of loose phrase that may perhaps pass. But the distance for an aeroplane from the Eritrean frontier to Addis Ababa is not 600 miles. Nor was it after Ras Tafari had been crowned as Negus and had consolidated his position, in 1928, that he visited Europe and got Abyssinia admitted to the League of Nations. Abyssinia entered the League in 1923, and Ras Tafari came to Europe in 1924.

One point which Mr. Makin rightly stresses is the mischief caused by Italy's aggression in stirring up black feeling against white. It may be that his fears and his prophecies of woe are exaggerated; but the danger is a real one, as most of those concerned with imperial and colonial administration have realised. And on another question—that of slavery in Abyssinia—all three of these books are in general agreement. The Emperor has made genuine efforts not only to stop the raiding over the border and the traffic in slaves for export, but to abolish the institution of domestic slavery in Abyssinia itself. But progress has inevitably been slow. This is not due simply to resistance on the part of the owners, many of whom would be quite glad to be rid of their slaves. The sudden or rapid liberation of hundreds of thousands of human chattels (Mr. Makin speaks of a total of 2,000,000) would create an economic and social problem of the most formidable kind.

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LAWRENCE ANTHOLOGISED

The Spirit of Place. An anthology compiled from the prose of D. H. Lawrence, by RICHARD ALDINGTON. *Heinemann. 7s. 6d.*

Since an anthology of Lawrence's prose was bound to come, one is glad that the task of compiling it should have been undertaken by a critic as perspicacious, discriminating and well-informed as Mr. Richard Aldington. His title indicates the scope of the book. D. H. Lawrence was the most evocative of modern writers; and in *The Spirit of Place* Mr. Aldington has brought together a selection of memorable passages from Lawrence's novels, stories and correspondence. Such passages occur in his best and his poorest work. Looking back at them, one may feel that there is very little that can be said in favour of *Kangaroo* or *The Plumed Serpent*; yet the latter begins with an extraordinarily vivid description of the unpleasantness of Mexico City and goes on to an exquisite and moving evocation of the beauty of a remote mountain lake, which serves as background to the improbable and, after a time, remarkably tedious adventures of hero and heroine. What gives Lawrence's prose its special quality? Certainly "fine writing" was the last aim that Lawrence had in view. Indeed, he distrusted and despised the pursuit of perfection, preferring (as Mr. Huxley has pointed out, in his admirable foreword to Lawrence's collected letters) an art which seemed to flower "from an immediate impulse towards self-expression or communication" and withered "with the passing of that impulse."

In Lawrence's composition, the need to *share* experience was far stronger than the desire to create for its own, or for the artist's, sake a work of art. We cannot understand Lawrence unless we allow for a passionate—at moments, an almost morbid—preoccupation with his fellow men; and to this preoccupation may be traced the value that he laid on spontaneity and the delightful naturalness, as well as the deplorable untidiness, of much of his finest prose. Re-reading the extracts assembled by Mr. Aldington in *The Spirit of Place*, one is continually surprised by the felicitous choice of a single word, set just where it lends strength and colour to an entire passage, and annoyed by a slovenliness and repetitiousness that many writers, far less talented, would immediately have noticed and corrected.

But why quarrel with Lawrence, when we can enjoy him? In his introduction to *The Spirit of Place*, Mr. Aldington observes that the anthology is addressed not so much to convinced admirers as to obstinate disbelievers, who have never been able to get on with Lawrence's books; and there is no doubt that it would be a very hardened sceptic who failed to respond to the beauty of the passages he has selected. Incidentally, it is illuminating to see the rapid development of Lawrence's genius between the period of *The White Peacock* and *The Trespasser*, published in 1911 and 1912, and the triumphant emergence of *Sons and Lovers*. At their best, the early books are still faintly schoolboyish; there is a touch of literary formality that Lawrence soon discarded as he advanced towards the loose, adaptable and lively prose style that produced the fragmentary novels and magnificent short stories of his later years.

Perhaps, after all, it is on his long short stories that Lawrence's reputation as a writer must ultimately rest. In some ways, *St. Mawr* is an irritating work; yet here, sandwiched between passages of vituperation that recall *Lady Chatterley* at her dreariest, is the wonderful account of the lonely New Mexican ranch, where Lawrence had himself lived—its flowers and the savage pinewoods behind it and the unearthly view out across the tawny-pale desert, wavering "with curious undulations and exhalations amid the blue fragility of the mountains, whose upper edges were harder than their floating bases."

Given his purpose—to bring home Lawrence's genius to the uninitiated—it would be hard to find fault with Mr. Aldington's sensitive and catholic selection. It seems a pity, however, that he should not have borrowed more liberally from Lawrence's letters. Only one letter appears, first printed in Mrs. Lawrence's *Not I, But the Wind;* and his admirers might have welcomed that brilliant letter, written in February, 1919, in which he describes the fascination of a Derbyshire landscape under the snow. Otherwise Mr. Aldington has done his work sensibly and efficiently; though there was no need to include an "Index of First Lines," and it seems misleading, where volumes of short stories are concerned, to list extracts, not under the title of the individual story from which they are taken, but under the general title of the volume.

THREE SHELVES

"OTHER people's hobbies," as one book-collector has remarked, "are always ridiculous," so I will do no more than say that about two years ago the printed words "Second edition, second issue, seventh thousand, first published in . . . reprinted in . . ." suddenly became to me the most horrible stains and blots on a book imaginable. And cheap editions, travellers' libraries, anti-travellers' libraries; ghastly! There is some point in collecting ancient first editions, for in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries they differed often very considerably from succeeding texts, and were, also, lovely objects. But I collect modern ones, the seven and sixpenny poisons. They are cheaper and one has the pleasure of backing one's judgment, generally wrongly, against the whole weight of middlebrow, sentimental, childhood-loving, and pedantic opinion represented by booksellers' catalogues. I still do not collect books unless I think I shall enjoy reading them, but I do not expect that phase to last. Reading, in book-collectors, is replaced by a kind of fidgeting motion, balancing the book in the left hand, opening it and shutting it with the right, and exclaiming "but that's not really his first book at all you know," or some other holy rubric. But as a good many of my books are novels, it may be of interest to recall a few in the hope of suggesting some new titles for the novel-addict or reminding him of old ones. Incidentally, it will be a proof that there was once a time when I enjoyed fiction. Where the authors are American, I try to get the American editions, as the English ones are so often altered, but there is no book I am going to mention that is not in some form cheaply and easily procurable. I can't afford *South Wind*, *The Way of All Flesh*, *Human Bondage*, or the *Old Wives' Tale*, so you must imagine them filling shadowy blanks to begin with, and there are some publishers whom I refuse to collect, because all their novels look exactly alike, and destroy my conception of a bookshelf, which should be a mass of gaudy variety.

E. M. Forster, *Howard's End*, *Room With a View* (Arnold). *Howard's End*, written in 1910, introduces the first post-war young high-brow, with a post-war name (Sebastian), and a simplified form of writing in full revolt against Henry James. But an artist's revolt—not a philistine's, like Wells'. The themes of Forster's novels are always the breaking down of bridges and barriers—between English and Indian, between the intelligentsia and the bourgeoisie (*Howard's End*), between soldier and scholar (*Longest Journey*)—he is really anti-highbrow, in the sense that he dislikes nothing more than intellectual presumption and spiritual pride. He is consequently a revolutionary writer, one of the first to attack the individualism of the nineties, to find the crack in the ivory tower; his heroes are plain men and plainer women, his motto "only connect"—yet as a writer he is an artist always. I think *Howard's End* is his best book, the *Longest Journey* (which started the Wiltshire trek) second. He has only written one book since 1910, and is still waiting for English fiction to catch up.

Henry James. Semi-complete. I get an inconceivable pleasure from a Henry James book when I am able to finish it, but too often I can only flounder out a few yards and then have to retreat. For others in this plight I recommend his long short stories, particularly *The Lesson of the Master*, *The Aspern Papers*, and *The Death of the Lion*. They enshrine the subtlest vanities and disappointments of the pursuit of letters for all time. Another remedy is to read anecdotes of Henry James. He is the last of the great writers to be a great man, and even the dirtiest pens take on a new quality when they write about him—enough to send one back to his books again. Or read his letters—that one in which he so pathetically reminds Gosse that he is "insurmountably unsaleable" and says of his collected edition, like Ozymandias, "look on my works, ye mortals, and despair."

A great critic has described Mrs. Wharton as the Sargent of the modern novel, and it is on her accomplished, rich interiors that it gives most pleasure to gaze. She has been fortunate enough to belong to a class—the super-rich, the super-philistine, the super-cosmopolitan—that can as a rule only be observed from outside and is consequently misrepresented. Therefore the studies of these jewelled and inaccessible analphabetics by one who is pre-eminently a serious and intelligent writer may become valuable documents. *The Custom of the Country* and *Glimpses of the Moon* are the brightest.

Maurice Baring, semi-complete. *Passing By* and *Daphne Adeane* seem to me his best books, which are all variations on a theme—the rivalry of sacred and profane love. One knows that sacred love will always win, and profane love be always on the point of winning, and the consequent order, regularity, and logic of the treatment, resembling a Greek tragedy, is its greatest power. Like those Spanish *aficionados* who watch a series of dancers repeating the same steps, singing the same song, one resents any alteration in structure as keenly as one derives pleasure from the variations of the performers in tempo, grace, and style. It seduces one. And then it seduces one again.

Aldous Huxley complete. David Garnett complete. Lawrence, *passion*. Mr. Huxley tells a story of Firbank meeting him in the Café Royal; "He gave his usual agonised wriggle of embarrassment and said, 'Aldous—always my *torture*.'" I think I feel the same way about him. At school I borrowed *Limbo* from one master only to have it confiscated by another, while the Frenchman who let me read Mallarmé's *Après Midi d'un Faune* for extra studies had to turn repeatedly to Huxley's translation to find out what it meant. I bought *Crome Yellow* out of some prize money. After that his novels and stories continued to dominate my horizon, so enormously competent, so clever, sympathetic, and on the spot. During the twenties it was almost impossible for the average clever young man not to imitate him—just as he had imitated Norman Douglas, Firbank, and Eliot. Now that I have been free for a few years I see *Crome Yellow* as his best book, backed up by *Limbo*, *Antic Hay*, and his short stories. His early work had a natural gaiety, his satire lacked the heavy hand of the moralist; science, with its horrible plausibility, had not yet walked off with Art. The first forty years of Aldous Huxley's literary career have been marred by over-production, for which the present economic system is to blame. Conventionality of thought and diction, fatigue of style result—but his long silence since *Brave New World* is the most hopeful augury for the remaining three score. David Garnett's books remain a standing argument in favour of the short novel, for, though equally bound to his publisher by golden cords, he has resisted Aldous Huxley's temptations of long novels, pamphlets, essays, and philosophical journalism. As for Lawrence, I really believe he is asleep at last, and I think nothing should be done to disturb him. If you must approach him, do it lightly, and by way of his early books, those like *The White Peacock*, with its creamy pastoral

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descriptions of the English countryside, full of a sentiment that has not yet been muddied by dogma.

Firbank, complete. Every critic, however roughly he may seem to wisecrack away the achievements of his enemies, the creators, will sooner or later shyly unlock his playbox and produce his few treasures. Then woe betide the reader who does not express a proper admiration. For my part, I am secretly a lyricist, the works to which I lose my heart are those that attempt, with a purity and a kind of dewy elegance, to portray the beauty of the moment, the gaiety and sadness, the fugitive distress of hedonism; the poetry of Horace and Tibullus, the plays of Congreve, the paintings of Watteau and Degas, the music of Mozart and the prose of Flaubert affect me like this, and of recent books, the novels of Ronald Firbank. That doesn't mean I think he is as good as Mozart, I hasten to say, but that in him more than in any contemporary writer I find that taste. He and the early Eliot seem to me the pure artists of the twenties, Lawrence and Huxley, the philosopher-artists, the explainers. His thin black books are incidentally some of the few which it is a pleasure to collect. Of course, it is really useless to write about Firbank—nobody who doesn't like him is going to like him, and he can be extremely aggravating and silly—but he was a real innovator, and his air of ephemerality is treacherous in the extreme.

Hemingway complete. Waugh complete. Powell complete. Scott Fitzgerald complete. Now we are among the Firbank derivatives. Hemingway is under a cloudlet, partly owing to the increasing truculence of his choice of subjects, partly owing to the spate of imitations of him, and his boom. Even if he does not emerge, he will have freed the American novel from the domination of the English Men of Letters. Scott Fitzgerald represents a more literary compromise between the American qualities (generosity, courage, open-mindedness and immoderation) and the English technique. *The Great Gatsby* and *Tender is the Night* (Chatto), of his are also, incidentally, two of the most typical novels of the Boom, as is the charming *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. Evelyn Waugh, as a novelist, seems also to me to be in a predicament. I regard him as the most naturally gifted novelist of his generation (the round-about-thirty). He has a fresh, crisp style, a gift for creating character, a mastery of dialogue, a melancholy and dramatic sense of life—but his development has taken him steadily from the Left towards the Right, and Right Wing Satire is always weak—and he is a satirist. The anarchist charm of his books (of which *Black Mischief* is the best example) was altered in a *Handful of Dust* to a savage attack on Mayfair from a Tory angle. And though there on safe ground, it is going to be difficult for him to continue, since Tory satire, directed at people on a moving staircase from a stationary one, is doomed to ultimate peevishness [Example, Beachcomber.] *A Handful of Dust* is a very fine novel, but it is the first of Evelyn Waugh's to have a bore for a hero.

The novels of Antony Powell are unaffected monochromes of realism. Anything which might heighten the colouring is scrupulously omitted. They deal in nuances of boredom, seediness and squalor—" the artist is recognisable by the particular unpleasantness of his life " is his creed, and since he gaily accepts it his novels have a delightful quality, containing much of the purest comedy that is now being written. I recommend especially *Afternoon Men* and *From a View to a Death* (Duckworths). Then there is that other comedian, Compton Mackenzie, whose *Vestal Fires* and *Extraordinary Women* are among the few modern novels that make the most of that wonderful subject, money, and bring the Mediterranean lapping round our doors and the smell of cistus through the fog-bound windows. One day I want to do a dossier of the characters in those two books, and their mighty begetter, *South Wind*, with photographs of them all and pictures of their villas. It will reveal a civilisation that will make Knossos look silly. And while still on satirists, there is *Cakes and Ale* and *The Moon and Sixpence* of Maugham. *Cakes and Ale* belongs to that group of satires on literary shop that form one of the most remarkable achievements of the English novel. Max Beerbohm's *Seven Men* belongs also, and Osbert Sitwell's *Dumb Animal* with that admirable short story *Alive, Alive-Oh!*

It would seem that I do not collect any women-writers, but that is not the case. I have the books of Miss Compton-Burnett, though I cannot read them, and *The Waves*, which holds one of the key positions of modern novels, inferior only to *Ulysses* (no first edition alas!), and Miss Elizabeth Bowen's ironical and delicate studies, and all Rosamund Lehmann, another natural writer, and *Frost in May* by Antonia White, *Orphan Island*, the best novel of Miss Macaulay, *Voyage in the Dark* (Constable) by Jean Rhys, a short and tragic book with a great deal to it, and *My Mortal Enemy* and *A Lost Lady*, the two best books of Willa Cather, and *Winter Sonata* by Dorothy Edwards. Gay but less haunting are *Country Places*, Christine Longford, and Julia Strachey's *Cheerful Weather for the Wedding*. This leads one on to those novels that one feels are little known or underrated, that are never followed by a successor, or whose effect on people is unpredictable and subversive. Such are Clifford Kitchin's two books, *Mr. Balcony* and *The Sensitive One*. Nathaniel West's *Miss Lonelihearts* (nobody has read that), George Beaton's (he is forty-one not forty-three, I apologise) *Jack Robinson* and his *Almanack*. Or *How Like a God* by Rex Stout (Kennerley); *Blindness* and *Living*, by Henry Green (who *is* he?) published by Dent; and *Murder, Murder*, by Laurence Vail (Peter Davies), which begins so well and ends so badly. And *Arm's Length* by John Metcalfe, *Futility* by Gerhardi, *Some People* by Harold Nicolson (great period interest) and *Cafe Bar* by Scott Moncrieff (gloomy!) The *Four Just Men* by Edgar Wallace, and that strange sadistic highbrow thriller, half to make your flesh creep (and it does), and half a brilliant analysis of the Paris Commune, *The Werewolf of Paris* (John Long) by Guy Endore. And *Extra Passenger* by Oswald Blakeston, and *Tropic of Cancer* (Obelisk Press), a gay, fierce, shocking, profound, sometimes brilliant, sometimes madly irritating first novel, by Henry Miller, the American Céline. And *The Young Visiters*, well worth re-reading. Then there are translations, of which the best are Aldous Huxley's of Gourmont's *Virgin Heart*, Dorothy Bussy's of Gide's *Counterfeiters* (you will probably get a question on that), Stuart Gilbert's of Malraux's *Royal Way*, and V. Longman's of Fromentin's *Dominique*. And detective stories—have you read *A Question of Proof* by Nicholas Blake or Dashiel Hammett's little-known *Red Harvest?* And there are books for the "*sottisier*," such as Arthur Vivian's *The Higher the Fewer* and the *Berry* volumes of Dornford Yates. Or books for collectors, like Romer Wilson's *Latterday Symphony*, which reminds one of all the glass cases full of boring limited editions of Coppard, Collier, Hanley, Hampson, Powys and Potocki de Montalk. And there are parodies like *The Oxford Circus* (Miles and Mortimer) and more American books, Dreiser, Faulkner, O'Hara, Saroyan—and I see I have the complete works of Wyndham Lewis. But that should be enough for the week-end.

CYRIL CONNOLLY

GLUCK

Gluck. By MARTIN COOPER. *Chatto and Windus.* 12s. 6d.

So many nonsensical books about music are being produced in this country at the moment that it is a pleasure to welcome one which is not only a work of sense but a work of scholarship. It is exactly forty years since the publication of Mr. Ernest Newman's admirable volume on *Gluck and the Opera*, which has unfortunately been out of print for many years. Mr. Cooper has no reason to correct Mr. Newman's balanced judgment, but a few facts have been discovered in the intervening period and these are usefully incorporated. Incidentally Gluck's work is probably more familiar to the present-day lover of music than it was to readers in the nineties, so that Mr. Cooper is able to devote more pages to unfamiliar stuff.

In the years since the war Gluck's five best-known operas, *Orphée*, *Alceste*, *Armide* and the two *Iphigènies*, have all been performed publicly in London and Oxford, so that no seriously interested person can pretend ignorance of them. That none has yet become popular in this country is hardly surprising, in view of the facts that the only opera produced at Covent Garden last summer for which it was practically impossible to procure seats was *Bohème* and that the main reason was the presence in the cast of a well-known film-star who had never sung in London before.

But ballet is very fashionable just now, and it is profoundly to be hoped that the exceedingly interesting pages that Mr. Cooper devotes to *Don Juan* and *Semiramide* will induce some enterprising manager to give the English public a chance of applauding them. The musical excerpts which adorn the discussion suggest that they would be well worth reviving, and the same remark holds good of the neglected opera *Paride ed Elena*. Incidentally it may be said that Mr. Cooper's discussion of the differences between the treatment of Gluck's various themes by his librettists and their predecessors, who include *Euripides* and *Racine*, is by no means the least interesting contribution to a wholly delightful book.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—The Senate invite applications for the University Readership in Classics tenable at Queen Mary College. Salary £600 a year. Applications (12 copies) must be received not later than first post on February 29, 1936, by the Academic Registrar, University of London, S.W.7. from whom further particulars should be obtained.

FULL time organising secretary wanted for world-wide organisation with offices in London, dealing with economic and humanitarian tasks. Substantial salary to person with suitable qualifications. Write Box 4, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WEST COUNTRY. Group craft workers require vegetarian cook-housekeeper to share home. Small salary. Box 5, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

BRIDGES subside through floods but you cannot blame the bridge. My job has subsided. To have gained a wide and really practical knowledge of all sides of book and magazine publishing and to have written successful novels and stories in my spare time is not too bad at 32. I am ready for a good appointment. What offers? Box 11, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

COUPLE, ages 27, vegetarians, volunteer services Catering, children, secretarial, etc., in return room, London, and/or honorarium. CLEMENCE, Llanrwst, N. Wales.

LANCASHIRE man, 33, victimised, wants any job in London area. Some journalism, real knowledge working class conditions. Writing, speaking, book-keeping, correspondence. Box 6, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

RESPONSIBLE position wanted in modern progressive school by Cambridge graduate, Wrangler, B. Star, and Oxford Education Diploma. Varied teaching experience in secondary schools and University, and first-class business experience as Director and Secretary of public companies. Might acquire interest in sound school, requiring development. Wife, Honours History, lengthy experience in secondary schools, also available if desired. Box 2, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WANTED capable intelligent girl to help start week-end camping club near London. Ability to teach gymnastics and to cook an asset. Write Box 1, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, *The Week-end Review*,
10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

LAST WEEK'S ISSUE
completed Volume X (new series). An Index is in preparation, and will be available free on application to registered postal subscribers; to other readers post free One Shilling.
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SHORTER NOTICES

Livy, Vol. X (Books XXXV–XXXVII), translated by EVAN T. SAGE, Ph.D.; **Diodorus of Sicily, Vol. II** (Bks. II, 35 to IV, 58), translated by C. H. OLDFATHER; **Ammianus Marcellinus, Vol. I** (Books XIV–XIX), translated by JOHN C. ROLFE, Ph.D., Litt.D.; **Demosthenes (Against Meidias, Androtion, Aristocrates, Timocrates, Aristogeiton)**, translated by J. H. VINCE, M.A.; **Seneca, Moral Essays, Vol. III** (On Benefits), translated by JOHN W. BASORE, Ph.D. (Loeb Classics.) *Heinemann.* 10s. each vol.

This new batch of Loeb classics contains what must be regarded, though each be excellent in its class, as among the drier writings of the ancients. The latest volume of Livy brings us to the chaos which followed the death of Alexander and the beginnings of Rome's Eastern Empire. Diodorus describes India, the Red Sea countries and Egypt, with quaint accounts of their topography and customs; but one looks in vain for the art of a Herodotus — Herodotus, too, had seen more of the places he described. There is a third volume of history—Ammianus Marcellinus, who continued Tacitus as far as the battle of Adrianople in 378; Dr. Rolfe's translation makes the best of his author's horrible style, and there is a useful glossary of the imperial civil service as well as a pair of maps. So far the renderings have left nothing to be desired. But there are times when the translator of Demosthenes' minor public speeches fails to prevent his periods from reading more like Greek than English. *De Beneficiis* is a collection of high-minded Stoic casuistries on doing, receiving and returning kindnesses, which suffers from lack of orderly arrangement; on the whole Dr. Basore's translation does not compare unfavourably with the Budé edition, but occasionally it misses the finer points of such a careful stylist as Seneca, which are brought out in the more verbose French edition.

Sir Ernest Wild, K.C. By ROBERT J. BLACKHAM. *Rich and Cowan.* 15s.

The late Sir Ernest Wild was a man of catholic tastes and varied interests. He was fond of the theatre and had many friends in the profession. He was fond of company and good talk and had himself an agreeable vein of humour. But he was perhaps happiest when in the open air. Colonel Blackham, in this the authorised biography of his friend, gives us a pleasant study of Wild's career from his boyhood upwards; but it is, of course, the advocate and judge that is best remembered by the public. As the former Wild was famous for the success of his defence in many criminal trials, and Colonel Blackham puts it on record that of the thirty persons charged with murder for whom he appeared only three were hanged. As a judge he was of those who interpret the law in terms of ethics, and one feels he would have been astonished and incredulous if he had been told that law is secular in origin and not religious. One of the best things in the book is Wild's advice to young barristers not to become too narrowly legal; best, and most characteristic of the man.

From Track to Highway: A Book of British Roads. By G. GIBBARD JACKSON. *Nicholson and Watson.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Jackson describes the roads of this country from the time of the megalith builders, whose tracks may still be observed in places, down to the latest developments in road making. The bulk of the book, however, is devoted to the famous and lesser-known Roman roads. It then treats of the Anglo-Norman period, and allows us to follow the methods of road making as they changed to meet the changes in transit and transport. So we pass from pack-horse to coach, and on to motor bus and motor car and petrol-driven lorry. There is an interesting chapter on tolls and turnpikes, and the book is charmingly illustrated by Mary Stella Edwards, who in the matter of road maps has adopted the mediaeval plan of making her maps illustrate the manners of her periods.

Week-end Competitions

No. 303

Set by G. W. Stonier

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an epitaph, in prose (not more than 250 words) or verse (not more than 24 lines), on a dog by a dog-hater, who for social or other reasons, does not wish to reveal his hatred. It should be written so as to appeal to all dog-haters and so that it would pass in the In Memoriam columns of the *Morning Post*. Special marks for good biographical details.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, January 10th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 301

Set by V. S. Pritchett

All traces of information regarding the significance of English Christmas customs having been lost in the destruction of civilisation, write a future anthropologist's interpretation of them with notes on our habits of life and our environment in not more than about 400 words. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best entries.

Report by V. S. Pritchett

Only nine competitors paused, in the midst of the Christmas orgies, to consider what their learned and curious descendants would make of the feast; and I find it strange that the habit of looking upon the remote past as a Golden Age or Age of Innocence should be denied to our successors. They alone, I fancied, might have found Christmas tolerable and enviable. But no; our descendants are all to be very superior people.

Nearly all the nine entries were excellent. At least six of them were up to prize-winning standards. William Summers, reconstructing the scene, says of the foods that "having tried them, I am inclined to agree with you that their use was probably connected with some obscure religious symbolism rather than with nourishment." Patrick Macgregor, quoting from a chapter of "Pre-Ruination" history thought, on the other hand, that there was no evidence of widespread gluttony "except in Turkey." He supposed that Christmas was chiefly a musical and mathematical occasion. He found references to "Bells, quires of angels (?—our gigolos) and Yule tide logarithms" which led him to the conclusion "that the festival was the inspiration of a Jew (perhaps corrupted to 'Yule') who endevored to educate peeple to a grater conception of social consciousness, partly by sickening them of kinsfoke, partly by bringing them together in ornate billdings to heer expositions of music and mathematics." All competitors, except Mr. Macgregor, nicely avoided the Holy Family—thereby saving me much embarrrassment. The nearest we got to it was "manger" from the French "to eat." Santa Claus and particularly the redness of his robe was popular. He was seen "stealing children's stockings" (Ancient Briton) to clothe himself against the coming ice age. This competitor had a dig at the publicity departments of scientific expeditions.

I am left with Mr. Stuart Piggott, E. S. Applebaum, J. H. Gibbs and T. Naisby. Mr. Applebaum was not the only competitor to connect Christmas and Communism and he gets some good fun out of the Santa Class (Claus) struggle. His spherical plum pudding was the symbol of the bomb and Mr. Gibbs like Mr. Naisby suspected sexual symbolism in the hanging of stockings. I recommend those of blasphemous inclination to guess at Mr. Patrick Macgregor's anagram for "ostrich"—an invocation used in the orgies.

Since all competitors were witty, favour falls upon those who trained their wit to a consistent theme and caught the text-book manner. Mr. Piggott did this best, but he wanders rather wide in his opening paragraph. He must therefore let Mr. Naisby have the first prize and himself take the second.

FIRST PRIZE

CHRISTMAS

That the celebration of Christmas originally had some "religious" significance, there can be no doubt. Almost all civilised activity from the B.B.C. to Sunday morning church-going had a religious significance. The close association of Father Christmas with the celebrations is a further proof, if one were needed, that Christmas was the work of priestcraft.

But what was Christmas? What happened on Christmas morning besides the national assembly at the Wembley shrine to sing "Alive with me"? Were the forces of religion and priestcraft sufficient to direct and inspire a custom which commanded so wide an observance?

We must look more closely.

Primarily, it appears, Christmas was the Festival of Fertility. That particularly unimaginative commentary on Anglo-Saxon history—the Authorised Vision—shows that above all things the English were afraid of being childless. This fear, this longing for large families, was at the root of their Christmas observance. From it there grew the ceremonies and orgies of Christmas time. People who were married or "Yule-tied" (and all Englishmen married at least once a year) framed their thoughts on propagation. It is not clear how the unmarried framed their thoughts.

The festival was preceded by a period of weight lifting and carrying by men and women alike. The aim was to increase virility and the chances of fertilisation by physical exercise. Then, from the eve of the Festival, for as many days as frenzy could last, the orgies went on. Two aphrodisiacs—the mistletoe and the mince—were freely employed; blatant sex symbolism—crackers and plum-pudding—was freely displayed. The Christmas stocking was the emblem of the period.

The tone of the Festival was good will. Doubtless some pleasure was obtained from such pointless practice. The civilised world in other respects separated the beneficial from the pleasurable, but in this instance at any rate, it tried to encourage the illusion that procreation and its preliminaries were at the same time a virtue, a blessing, and a delight.

Christmas was the supreme festival, but it was not only at this season that such recreation was recommended. Everybody was commanded to attend Motion Pictures, which by law could elaborate only the sexual theme. Sex propaganda was also the aim and the purpose of their literature and their drama.

Consideration of these inelegant practices convinces us that the timely destruction of civilisation was the only beneficial act of the civilised world.

T. NAISBY

SECOND PRIZE

In no way more than in their Winter Festival is the essentially bipartite character of the British Islanders' religion, based on a primitive dualistic conception of Good and Evil, revealed. The low cultural level at which the Islanders were living resulted in there being two distinct castes or orders of society, the basis of distinction being apparently that of the possession or non-possession of a certain sacred object known variously as *Urbanc-ba'lans* or *Urbanc-Inggakown't*. Whether indeed this object had a tangible form is doubtful: its sanctity was such that it was said to be never seen save by its hereditary guardians, *Th'Urbancas*, who were a priestly caste apart. Be that as it may, the religions of the two castes differed in that the Possessors' incarnation of Good was the Non-possessors' embodiment of Evil, and that of Evil, Good. Benevolent and malevolent powers alike seem to have been known as *Izzums*, of which the two greatest were *K'apitul Izzum* and *K'ommun Izzum*, between whom the legends testify to an eternal combat. To the holder of *Urbanc-ba'alans* all evils were the work of *K'ommun Izzum*, working mysteriously but infinitely powerfully from his golden throne in the cold north-east, against whom the *ba'lans* and *K'apitul* could alone prevail. But to those deprived of this talisman, this palladium, *K'apitul*, fighting in their very midst, was the author of all ills, and only *K'ommun Izzum* could help them.

This excursus is necessary to appreciate the Winter Festival. With the waning of the year the fear of the demons became very real and at the Festival all was directed to warding them off, both castes utilising similar magic to frighten away opposing gods. Boughs of the prickly *hauli** shrub were hung everywhere to hinder their entry into the house, prophylactic hymns sung loudly by wandering parties by night, enormous meals eaten to secure that somnolence that is proof against ghostly fears, presents interchanged to pacify any chance demon who might be working evil in human guise as one's acquaintance, and finally came the appearance of a disguised figure who was neither Agónist nor Antagonist, but an impartial personification of Peace and Plenty—twin desiderata all too rare in that primitive civilisation under consideration.

* *Hauli* would appear to be an aspirated form of *cauli*, or *cauliflowa*, a herb eaten by Scottish sheep-dogs and prize-fighters to increase endurance. Over-indulgence in the human produced a disease of the ears.

STUART PIGGOTT

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 158.—THIRD FORM ARITHMETIC

(By A. J. Fisher)

"I can't do this long division," said Slow.

"Let's have a look," said Binks. "Oo, this is potty, only three figures to divide. Why, I've just done this one myself: here's my working—no, I haven't though, my dividend and divisor are yours the other way round. Well, let's do yours. It goes once more than mine did. My answer was the two figures of the divisor added together, with the divisor reversed for remainder. . . . Here's a funny thing. If you made yours go only the number of times mine did, your remainder would be the reverse of your divisor, same as mine was."

What were the divisors and dividends?

PROBLEM 156.—FOR FOOTBALL FANS

Solution held over till next week, as I have been out of town over Christmas.

PROBLEM 155.—THE THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: D. Henderson, Rivington, Middleton Road, Oswestry, Salop. *Six* points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

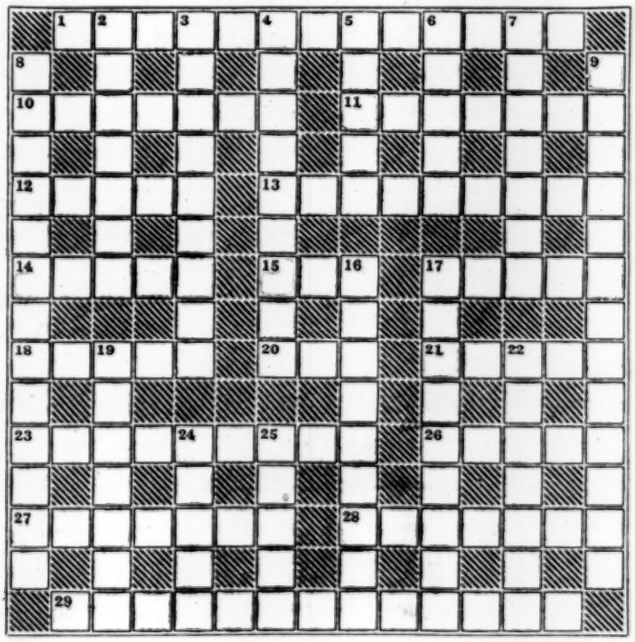
A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution. CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 304

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Miss Wentworth, Bonningtons, Hunsdon, Ware

ACROSS

1. This place seems to imply that the northern extremity is beached.
10. An unearthly city.
11. Self-declaratory measure.
12. Cook's islands?
13. The unalloyed edge of the guinea.
14. The sort of impulses Abraham's fellow citizens had?
15. Heavy bridge over the Medway.
17. They might provide a 2 on a head in Durham.
18. Here is H.M. School of Musketry.
20. One of the cards newly dealt in U.S.A.
21. Enough to make the M.O. beg.
23. Saul gets tied up with Ada in the South of Spain.
26. Am I to be seen at the end of a deserted lake?
27. His education would no doubt keep him from ever being harrowed.
28. Alan gets the bird inside him.
29. District where you can charter a Ford Car presumably.

DOWN

2. Provides an outlet.
3. Sounds like the state of watching a match.
4. What Brighton would do to the intellect?
5. The doctor takes the heart out of 22.
6. Customary constituent of economics.
7. A piece out of a pamphlet?
8. Celtic part of the Antipodes?
9. Where demerara sugar comes from.
16. Day annals in Africa.
17. Is often given a timely hearing.
19. First takes a caster in Yorkshire, second is found at 90th parallel.
22. A Negro brother has swallowed the cobbler's tool.
24. Behold the wrath of a river.
25. It joins the Ganges under an alias.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

A	C	C	E	L	E	R	A	T	E	■	A	R
S	■	R	■	A	■	O	■	A	■	R	■	E
S	E	E	D	P	E	A	R	L	■	A	T	T
E	■	A	■	D	■	D	■	B	■	S	■	O
M	O	T	I	O	N	S	■	O	X	C	A	R
B	■	I	■	G	■	■	■	T	■	A	■	T
L	I	O	N	S	■	M	A	Y	F	L	Y	■
E	■	N	■	■	■	O	■	P	■	■	S	■
■	■	■	B	A	T	T	L	E	■	C	A	I
S	■	C	■	B	■	O	■	■	■	A	■	X
C	R	U	I	S	E	R	■	R	E	L	A	P
R	■	R	■	E	■	C	■	O	■	U	■	E
A	M	A	I	N	■	A	R	M	A	M	E	N
P	■	T	■	T	■	R	■	E	■	E	■	C
E	Y	E	S	■	A	S	S	O	R	T	M	E

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

SILVER EXPLANATION—V.O.C. AND SHELL—AMERICAN OIL SHARES

THE recovery in silver—now 1/10½ per ounce—followed upon a strange and contradictory statement of a "Treasury spokesman" at Washington on December 26th. There are so many "spokesmen" in America, claiming to be secretly authorised or inspired, that I am surprised to find anyone in the bullion market in London taking the statement seriously. I expect that this Treasury spokesman was as much inspired as Professor Sprague was at the Bank of England when he informed a City editor on the day before we suspended the gold standard that the gold pound was impregnable. The silver statement contained this obvious contradiction: first it explained the change in the American silver buying policy as due to the Government's desire to help China (i.e., "to check the smuggling of silver out of China via Japan and to give China a breathing spell in which to carry out its silver nationalisation policy") and secondly, it indicated that the Government would resume its effort to raise the world price of silver "as soon as China had solved its most pressing monetary problems." As it is clearly against the trade interests of China to raise the world price of silver, how can we believe the first part of this statement? Actually the desire of the Washington Government is to induce China to adopt a bimetallic currency on American lines. It is only too anxious to supply China with gold in exchange for silver to facilitate a change-over from a paper standard to a gold-silver standard. Washington's long-term objective is, of course, to destroy the monetary domination of Great Britain and to substitute the dollar for the pound sterling as the world currency for international trade. The joke is that monetary power has only returned to London as a result of Washington's gold and silver policy.

* * *

Senator Pittman, chairman of the Senate Silver Committee, has declared that the Chinese monetary reform was bound to fail because the Chinese, through long use of silver, must distrust a paper currency. The Chinese are much more likely to distrust the American dollar after their recent experience of Washington's monetary policy. It is quite true that smuggling silver out of China has been made much more profitable by the recent adoption of a paper standard by China with a pegged exchange rate of 14½*d.* for the Shanghai dollar (the export duty on silver being raised from 14½ per cent. to 65 per cent.). At the same time, it has been made much more difficult. The large-scale smuggling used to be operated by Japanese traders who took advantage of the extra-territorial rights enjoyed by them as Japanese subjects to redeem notes in silver and convey the silver dollars across the frontiers into Manchukuo or Korea. By the recent Chinese monetary reforms, notes have become inconvertible, holders of silver are required to exchange their silver for legal tender currency, and the use of silver dollars has been made a penal offence. Smuggling of silver must therefore be restricted in future to the smuggling of existing silver hoards. The large-scale traffic arising out of the old note convertibility has been stopped. Washington, I suspect, was much more fearful of silver dumping by the Hong Kong Government than of dumping by Japanese smugglers. I remain of the opinion that an amendment to the Silver Purchase Act will probably be laid before the new Congress.

* * *

On July 20th, 1935, I advised an exchange from Venezuelan Oil Concessions 13*s.* 4*d.* shares (then 42*s.* 6*d.*) into Shell Transport and Trading £1 shares (then 71*s.* 3*d.*). This was very fortunate, because the former are now quoted at 38*s.* 1½*d.* and the latter at 82*s.* 6*d.* The reasons I advanced for the exchange were that there was a political risk as well as an oily one attaching to Venezuelan Oil Concessions and that even if the Company managed to pay 15 per cent. on its reduced capital (which it was not then earning) the dividend yield was not an attractive one for an oil producing share. I would still prefer Shell. The political risks of Venezuelan Oil Concessions have materialised in the death of President Gomez, reputed to have been the richest and wickedest man in the world. It is not known how many of his 114 children may lay claims to oil titles at present possessed by foreign companies, but when oil and politics get mixed up in South American republics it is generally oil which pays. Shell Transport has just completed a year which should enable dividends to be increased to 15 per cent. tax free (it still has the exchange advantage in the Royal Dutch-Shell partnership). At 82*s.* 6*d.* to yield potentially £4 14*s.* per cent. gross Shell Transport shares cannot be dear. And the prospects before the oil industry have undoubtedly improved. Crude oil production in America is still in excess of the "allowable" recommended by the Bureau of Mines, but the statistical position cannot be bad if stocks of oil continue to decline. The new American fields discovered in 1935 do not appear to be big enough to upset the balance, especially in view of the marked increase in the American consumption of fuel oil and of gasoline. Moreover, Italy is doing its best to increase the African consumption of oil products, as the Anglo-Iranian and Shell Transport companies well know.

* * *

If the investor is perturbed by the question of oil sanctions at Geneva, he will still be on safe ground (if any oily ground can be regarded as safe) in making a purchase of American oil shares whose earnings are derived from the American domestic market. For example:

	Low, 1935.	Present Price.	Estimated Earnings 1935 per Sh.	Current Dividends per Sh.	Earnings Yield, %.	Dividend Yield, %.
Amerada ..	48½	80½	2.10	2.00	2.62	2.49
Associated ..	29¾	46	1.50	0.45	3.26	0.98
Humble ..	44	61¾	2.75	1.00	4.45	1.62
Phillips ..	13¾	39¾	3.00	1.50	7.55	3.77
Skelly.. ..	6½	20¼	1.10	—	5.43	—
Sun	60½	69½	3.50	1.00	5.03	1.44

These companies, with the exception of Humble, which belongs to the Standard Oil of New Jersey group, are "independents," which are more speculative than the combines, such as:

Standard Oil of New Jersey	35¾	50¾	2.00	1.25	3.94	2.46
Standard Oil of California	27¾	40¾	1.60	1.00	3.93	2.45
Imperial Oil..	15⅞	20¼	—	1.25	—	2.47 on 50 cents regular.

If the oil share market is to move higher this year, as I believe it will, these Standard Oil leaders will move with the rest. And oil sanctions will not stop them.

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DALY'S. "Tread Softly." Wed. & Sat.

DUCHESS. Night Must Fall. Wed. & Sat.

DRURY LANE. 2.0
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